聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

12

聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱（ワールドブレイク）

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ill.：refeia

The Swordbringer comes back.

GA文庫

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12

The Swordbringer comes back.

おっぱい☆
PRICELESS
ムネ肉
国産 ¥298
ムネ肉
国産 ¥318
この戦力差はキョーイ的!?
センパイおっぱい大迫力!!

にゃ!?
まに可愛いも
ブサイクもないだろっ
春鹿と諸葉の放課後特訓。
絶技『破軍』習得の秘訣とは!?

恨め。忘れるな。
そして、生き残った奴全員、
強くなって追って来い!!
レナード
ヴァン＝パーシー
『剣閃』と称される
六翼会議の一人。
それは決意と覚悟のトリガー。
サツキの七門完全開放、成る!!
絶対にこのあたしが
守ってみせるから!

Prologue

□Strength is nothing but something to crush with□
This pleasure that embodies those words
The beauty that rebels against those words
Both are truths that the hearts of the people seek
Shiba Akira walked quietly through the corridor half-covered by darkness.
The luxurious runner gracefully captured his footsteps.
The worn out, wooden ceiling was high, the left and right wallpapers were to his liking, and because they grew dull in color, they rather produced a charming atmosphere.
There wasn't a single transom, instead of that, candlesticks were lined up on the walls here and there.
Matching the speed at which Shiba advanced, the lights were lighted one by one, illuminating the destination.
"Tír na nÓg".*
**TN: The word above is the furigana reading for "Concert hall that does not exist in this world".*
It was the base of Shiba and the Six Wings, and its inscription was not just for show.
This concert hall surprisingly existed in another dimension.
Therefore, this was truly a place □That does not exist in this world□.
One could only come and go by crossing dimensions through the six doors scattered around the globe.
According to the words of the creator, Louise Saint-Germain, □The building itself is a golem created by the secret technique of the spirit body□.
It was the same as the mansion of "the witch of the prison" where Shiba was treated well for four years, so to speak.
The center of the building was a concert hall where a magnificent pipe-organ was installed.
Furthermore, two passages extended from the sides of the stage, branched off and led to several small rooms; such was the layout.
Shiba stepped inside one of those small rooms.
– Like I thought, you were… here, huh.
A unique way of speaking, similar to whispering.
However, it was clearly transmitted to the other party.
– Oh dear me, you saw through my mind. It is as you say, I like this place.

The man inside raised his face, tried to match the sleeves of his doufuku and folded his arms in an old Chinese-style manner.
He was Lu Zhixin, the man who betrayed the White Knight Organization and was now part of the Six Wings.
– You never get tired… of it.
– For everyone, **this** is no more than a transit point, but for me, it is a reaching point.
Zhixin replied in a hypocritical and courteous tone of voice, bringing his face down again.
In front of him, right in the center of the room, there was an oblong pedestal.
On top of it lay down a beautiful boy who was mistaken for a girl.
It was the mere shadow of someone who was once known as Graham Gerrard, the fearless fighter who supported the founding of the British Headquarters as the right hand of Sir Edward.
He wasn't conscious.
He wasn't even breathing.
But he wasn't dead.
He was no longer a human, he was just hollow.
He only lay down there, wearing light all over his body.
Although it wasn't the brilliance of *prana*.
A moonlight-like ray that fell into darkness, still shining.
– When I look at this fleeting and radiant brilliance, I, without reason, am able to forget the absolute fear of death.
– As if it was… you?
– Yes, yes.
Zhixin raised his right fist overhead while assenting repeatedly.
What was lighted there was the light of *prana*.
A jade green brilliance that seemed to converge viscously increased its purity little by little.
Then he swung his fist down in one go.
Hitting it like an iron hammer, he crushed the pretty boy's head.
There was no blood, spinal fluid or skull, only pieces of flesh scattered in atoms, staining the room.
The boy who lost his head only lay in a cruel shape.
While strengthening even more the brilliance of the moonlight that he wore.
– Alas! How beautiful…!
Zhixin, who did a gruesome beating without moving an eyebrow, admired ecstatically.
Seeing that, Shiba did not move an eyebrow either. He was not hiding it.
Of course, he did not blame him either.
– Have you finished? Everyone is waiting… you know?
He whispered uninterestedly as if nothing had happened.
– Even if it is a transit point or a reaching point, it's still too far for… us.
– One at a time of what is necessary and steadily step by step, yes?

Zhixin walked while pressing against the floor, trying to walk with the stick that had been thrown down.
Shiba also returned calmly.
In the room they left behind, the **red-faced pretty boy** lay on the pedestal.
The stains on the walls and floor disappeared entirely as it they had never existed.
When Shiba returned to the concert hall with Zhixin,
– Finally, the actors are together. Like I thought, this is it, huh.
Leonard, who had been waiting for them, followed after them while putting the cowboy hat on his head again.
And behind them, Shiroi Usako followed them silently.
Her expression was as vague as usual, it couldn't be read what she was thinking.
Louise, the base-watcher,
– Take care. Be careful, **chuckle**, I think there is no need for me to go though.
She played the pipe-organ, sending them out with a march.
– Wouldn't that eventually be a mistake?
– Ufufu, maybe.
Louise chuckled to herself graciously, playing the keyboard with a lot of emotion.
Besides, the "Medium" was still asleep in the balcony seats. "Invisible" was absent.
Accompanied by just three people, Shiba would conquer calmly.
For this time's goal, this fighting power was even excessive.
– In other words, like I thought, we're going flashy, right, Shiba-san?
– Yes. I've made you all be patient for four years, but don't hold back anything… anymore.
– I want you to be kind.
– Like I thought, that depends on each person's judgment after all.
– Since the goal is important, being tied down with means annoys me too.
– It's okay. We're demons… after all.
Accompanied by terrifying□Demons□, Shiba headed towards the front exit of the hall.
The one who made regular footsteps, the one who walked with a stick, making it sound quietly, the one who strode exultantly, the one who dragged her feet sluggishly—the footsteps of the four people blended into the majestic march, intersecting.
– The next thing we need has been decided.
Shiba put his hands on the giant double door.
He slowly pushed it open with a heavy sound, releasing it.
Wearing a light smile on his mouth, like a true demon.
– Now, let's take a new step forward… shall we?
Even if there were people who were to be trampled and cried with that step—

聖剣使いの
禁呪詠唱
ワールドブレイク

Chapter 1: “Looking back, I think it was an irreplaceable daily life”

A little over ten days ago.
Haimura Moroha was asked to help the American Division and went to New York.
Ranjou Satsuki saw off her beloved older brother in front of the school with everyone.
Staring at the car going away, Shimon Maya muttered a few words.
– … It’s going to be lonely for a while desu.
She sympathized with her.
Satsuki also had this feeling of loneliness and a hole in her chest.
She was a **grown-up, so** she could tolerate this crazy feeling, but Maya, who was just a little girl—even if the loneliness Maya felt was about a tenth of what she felt—she couldn’t help not being able to endure it.
Satsuki put her hand on Maya’s shoulder and spoke to her.
– It will be hard for you to sleep alone in your room while Nii-sama is away, right? Won’t you come to my place until Nii-sama comes back?
Thus, Satsuki became Maya’s roommate.
They went to school together, came home from school together, hugged each other and slept in the bed at night.
Until Moroha returned, Satsuki would fill his role and look after her.
Then, once the calendar reached March, she finally received an email saying that □We defeated the Evil Spirit-class□.
It seemed that Moroha would arrive at Akane Academy the day after tomorrow due to airplane arrangement and travel times, but he was coming back anyway, so it didn’t matter.
She got so excited last night that she couldn’t sleep and played games with Maya.
She stayed up late until the child Maya dozed off.
And this morning—
– Satsuki-onee-san! You are the Onee-san here! It’s enough, wake up desu!
She heard Maya’s unclear voice which was peculiar to children.
A tone of voice that sounded like a scolding and an annoying one.
Satsuki heard the voice in the bed, being still half asleep.
– Jee□z. Be quiet at least when I’m sleeping, Ma□ya□. That’s why children are□.

She pulled the cat pillow towards herself and shut her mouth, saying nothing.
She slipped further into the warm sheets.
– Maaya is not like that desu. If you don't get up soon, you will be late desu.
Even when her body was shaken gently, Satsuki complained with her eyelids still closed,
– I stayed up late yesterday, so let me do this at least□. Munya….
– Even if Maaya lets you do it, Tanaka-sensei won't permit it desu. There is nothing I can do; this is my last resort nanodesu. Please don't resent Maaya desu.
Ei!, Together with a cute yell, the sheets were suddenly torn off.
At that very moment the room temperature of the still cold beginning of March stroked the back of her neck.
– Pyah!?
Satsuki jumped up with a strange scream.
– You're mean! What are you doing, Maaya!?
– I just woke you up so that you aren't late. Rather, I would like you to thank me desu.
– I'm telling you that you should wake me up gently!
– I have been trying to do so for thirty minutes. The one who is not getting up is at fault here desu.
Maya said so with a precocious triumphant expression. *Good grief, children do like far-fetched arguments!* Satsuki was indignant.
She checked the clock while being angry,
– I still have a lot of time, right!? If only you let me sleep more.
– Stop venting your anger on me desu. If you eat breakfast, you will run out of time desu.
– Then I'll just skip it, it's just a meal.
– That is bad for your health and beauty desu.
– Even if I had breakfast, I could have slept for another 3 minutes and 28 seconds.
– Satsuki-onee-san, even not knowing when to give up has a limit desu. Give up and wash your face desu. Your uniform is ironed desu. I folded it and left it there desu. Get ready fast and go to the cafeteria desu. Maaya will take care of other preparations desu.
As she said so, and of her own accord, Maya looked for the textbooks and notebooks Satsuki needed today on Satsuki's desk and willfully packed them into Satsuki's satchel.
– Maaya isn't eating?
– I already had breakfast desu.
– Even if it's the girls' dormitory, I've told you that children shouldn't go out alone, haven't I!?
– Yes, I know, I'm reflecting on it desu.
Maya replied with her bottom turned towards her.

(This child is as if Nii-sama had put me in charge of her. If anything happens to her, my reputation as the younger sister will be affected)
I have to work hard as her guardian! Satsuki fired herself up again.
She woke up completely and washed up her face in the washbasin.
She took the brand-new toothbrush that Maya got for her, returned to the room and brushed her teeth while turning on the TV.
In the meantime, Maya brushed Satsuki's hair from behind.
And also did her side tail.
(Anyway, girls around her age sure seem eager to touch beautiful hair when they see i□t)
It was a topic that Satsuki also remembered.
Of course, she couldn't see what facial expression Maya was making behind her.
She changed into her uniform and headed to the cafeteria.
Before anything else, it was already her habit to look for an overseas Senpai with a noticeably large build.
It was Sophia who first invited Satsuki, who couldn't make friends in her class, to eat with her, and when she saw that she couldn't make friends at all, she always invited her after that.
But now Sophia went to New York with Moroha.
In place of her—
– Sup Satsuki.
Her back was patted by Momo-senpai aka Momochi Haruka.
Ever since Sophia was gone, she invited Satsuki to eat with her every day.
That Haruka fixedly stared at Satsuki's groomed hair and uniform,
– … I have a question. You've been looking quite sharp recently, you know?
Looking like this so early in the morning.
She compared her to herself who was dressed in an unstylish jersey.
– I've been like this before, not just recently! And this is also a woman's etiquette ! Fo□□ foh foh fo.
Satsuki threw out her chest and laughed loudly at that praise.
That's right, that's right.
In the eyes of Haruka, a girl who abandoned her femineity, Satsuki-chan was surely reflected in them dazzlingly.
– Eh, you're lying. Well, you're one of those who show off, and by the time you left the dorm, you were all ready. Around this time, you're still oversleeping, your hair all messy, saying you forgot this and that and making a lot of noise, no?
– I have no recollection of that! These are no more than Momo-senpai's false accusations! Foo fo foo.
– … Well, I don't care.
Being urged by Haruka who said "Let's eat fast", she took a tray and stood in the waiting line.
– Maaya isn't going to join us?

– It looks like she ate alone. She’s at the age when she wants to imitate adults, don’t you think?
– Isn’t it more like she just couldn’t stand being hungry because Satsuki didn’t wake up?
– Fo fo fo, reeaallyy?
As they talked such things and entertained themselves, their turn came and got the old lady in the cafeteria to serve them food.
This morning’s menu was pure Western style. Croissant and cream of corn soup, scrambled eggs, thick-sliced bacon, smoked chicken and cheese salad.
Because all Akane students, so to speak, seemed to belong to the sports club, the menu at the women’s dormitory was substantial from the morning.
Satsuki’s favorite dish made her belly sound just by looking at it—but she resisted and controlled herself.
After school yesterday, she was delighted to hear the news of Moroha’s Evil Spirit-class subjugation, so she got excited with Haruka, Shizuno and the others, and everyone headed out as a group to a coffee shop and heartily and energetically ate a mountain of cakes and parfaits.
If she didn’t moderate herself today, she would be scared of getting on the scale….
– … A small portion please. And one croissant.
She requested to the old lady with overwhelming sorrow and got a small portion served as if pouring the feelings of a girl into it.
She was grateful for her consideration.
She should be grateful.
However, without noticing it at all, the serving was a little bigger, and if that was the case, it was unthinkable that she could excuse herself, saying 『It’s inevitable so it cannot be helped. I have no choice but to eat it』.
(Yes, the feelings of a girl feeling sure are complicated…)
Satsuki left the line with the tray in her hands while being moved to tears in her heart.
Then, from behind,
– Old lady, an extra-sized serving of everything please.
Hearing Haruka’s innocent voice, Satsuki couldn’t help but look over her shoulder.
– W-what’s with you, Satsuki? Don’t look at me with hate….
– Hmph!
A gluttonous senior who wasn’t aware of people’s feelings.
Moreover, this woman was willing to eat five croissants alone.
– Momo-senpai should just become chubby-chan.
– I’ve been jogging so I’m very hungry!
– “Those who excuse themselves quickly head down the path of a ranked wrestler at full speed”, that’s what was said on TV.
– … But Satsuki is a little heavier than me.

– T-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-that’s because of the bust size, so I can only be heavier, no?
Oh, it’s heavy. This lump of fat in my chest is heavy. It’s a problem that Momo-senpai doesn’t understand.
– What!? Then let’s compare the waist size, shall we?
– Momo-senpai, those seats over there are vacant.
– Hey, don’t run away!
As they argued, the two of them moved holding their trays and sat facing each other at the long vacant table.
– Momo-senpai, I wonder if someone’s influence has improved your crafty skills recently.
Still glaring at each other.
– Oh, I see. If we’re talking about Shizuno, then she’s been doing so.
Haruka spread a lot of butter and strawberry jam on the cross section of a torn croissant showily and stuffed her cheeks.
**Hnnn*, how can her way of eating it look so delicious!?*
But this was the path of Shura which Satsuki couldn’t tread on now.
She masticated the torn croissant in a plain way while in tears. It was freshly made, it had a savory smell, and the taste of the lightly-salted butter, the original taste of the croissant, spread in her mouth fully. The difference between the crispy texture on the outside and the spongy texture on the inside was enjoyable too.
(Although it has nothing on it, it’s still delicious)
She ate it while telling herself.
If she thought so, she could endure it.
– I wonder how to eat these too.
– Senpai! It’s cowardly to thrust a croissant into the potage!
Satsuki couldn’t take it anymore and shouted when she saw Haruka dipping the croissant in her corn potage generously and ate it.
That way of eating had no manners, but it was a very delicious one.
– If you’re frustrated, then you should do it too.
Haruka thrust at her the croissant dripping with corn potage with fascination.
– I can’t do it, it’s shameful.
Satsuki turned her face away as if to shake off the temptation.
– It’s not like we’re in a restaurant. Why are you putting on airs? Satsuki the ostentatious.
– It’s only okay for elementary school students to thrust pastries into soooooups.
– Why do you know a rule like that?
Yummy, yummy, Haruka ate up the croissants ostentatiously.
And bolted down the extra-sized scrambled eggs luxuriously with a spoon.
That chewing expression, how am I going to feel happy!?
Even though Satsuki’s scrambled eggs were gone after three bites.
This was the feeling that “the more you eat, the hungrier you become”.

– … Momo-senpai is cruel. Stupid. I hope all the nutrition going to your boobs go to your stomach. And cursed.
As she munched the salad restlessly, she muttered cursed words.
– Oh, by saying that, Satsuki won't get nutrition going to her boobs. "If you curse someone, dig two graves".
Haruka counterattacked with a heavy impact.
Then, in addition to this, she stuffed three thick slices of bacon all at once in her cheeks. She had performed a drastic and unforgivable act.
Imagining the taste of the fat overflowing in her mouth, Satsuki was so frustrated to the point of wanting to cry.
When she stared at Haruka's happy face with teary eyes──
– Really, when it comes to you, you also eat food happily?
She heard a truly fervent and amazed voice.
– I lose my appetite when I hear you, so restrain yourselves. Don't quarrel about useless stuff, at any rate, your tits are like the pot calling the kettle black.
– Senpai should think about her word choice for sure. You'll lose your appetite, won't you?
Satsuki ducked her head and looked back tediously.
It was the demon vice-captain Kanzaki Tokiko who was glaring at them while being arrogant with a tray in one hand.
Yes, it was the women's dormitory where men couldn't enter, but she wanted her to stop walking around in her underwear.
However, no one had the courage to warn her about this irrational way of walking.
Tokiko fixed her sharp eyes on the seat next to Satsuki and glared at it. Her small glasses shone.
With that much, the girl who was sat there let out a soundless scream and ran away with her tray.
Tokiko sat down forcibly in the vacant seat with a composed attitude.
How cruel.
– … I wish you didn't have to come back.
– Did you say something, Ranjou?
– No, nothing!
During these three terms, Tokiko and the rest of the third years moved from place to place, training in various parts of Japan. However, the training period ended the day before yesterday, and it was decided that they would go to school with them for a while until graduation.
Tokiko continued giving a lecture in an oppressive tone like a soldier while having breakfast next to them solemnly.
– In the first place, what's that you both call 「boobs」? 「Breasts」 are 「breasts」. Married women are the ones who say "may I have 「Chicken breast」" at a meat shop, no? That kind of thing.
– … But Kanzaki-senpai's aren't that much if compared to Shizuno's or Leshya's.

When Satsuki mustered all of her courage and tried to back talk, Haruka, who was on the opposite shore, sent forth her fire support, saying 「That's right, that's right」. It was a very quiet voice though*.
*TN: Haruka is the furigana reading for allied troops.
– Hah. Well, I'm not a match for them.
Tokiko admitted meekly.
However, in the end, and without a doubt, she was 「A human being on the side who has」, and with her complacency oozing from her tone of voice, Satsuki and Haruka felt rather annoyed.
– If so, even if Momo-senpai is no match for Kanzaki-senpai, she sure has boobs, doesn't she!?
– She's right! Even if I'm thin like Satsuki, our boobs are boobs still!
Because it was impossible to lower Tokiko's sense of values, the two of them changed their tactics and launched a strategy to raise their own sense of values.
– Hah. No, they aren't.
Full of herself, Tokiko immediately laughed scornfully.
– There's an insurmountable wall between 「Boobs」 and 「Breasts」. Even if you're women, you don't know, but from the point of view of men, it's a watershed they instinctively understand.
– W-what on earth, is that, watershed?
– Where's that thing!?
– To be precise ―whether or not you can sandwich it.
Tokiko declared with a gallant face seen from the side.
Satsuki and Haruka turned bright red, imagining what was sandwiched with what.
– W-what are you talking about in the middle of a meal?
The sharpness of the retort was evil too.
Without seeming to feel pain or itching, Tokiko,
– Fufun. You're hoping that Haimura's *thing* can be sandwiched between your small breasts, no」?
– I-I know nothing of that….
– I-I don't care in the slightest….
– Hou, I see. By the way, I do know.
「」!?「」
At Tokiko's shocking remark, Satsuki and Haruka half-rose to their feet.
– A-anyway, Senpai is talking big like usual.
– That's right! There's no way Kanzaki-senpai knows that.
– I wonder about that. Remember my hobby.
Tokiko stopped eating for a moment and moved her hands in a compulsive and indecent manner.
Yes, this Senpai's hobby was sexual harassment. Her special skill was power harassment.
– Do you want me to teach you?
「」N-not really…「」

Satsuki and Haruka replied in unison and turned their eyes away from Tokiko looking really uninterested.
But both of them ended up fidgeting strangely.
– Hou, that’s a shame. If you’re willing to listen to me, I ‘d be okay with telling you.
Both of them leaned forward vigorously and brought their ears close to Tokiko’s mouth.
– Kuku, I don’t hate those who are honest with their desires, you know? Listen carefully—
Both of them paid attention as their faces and necks flushed.
While the girls around Satsuki, Haruka and Tokiko surrounded them at a distance,
– Momochi and Ranjou-chan sure are amazing—
– To be that intimate with the demon vice-captain—
– We don’t have a bit of their courage—
– The girls who are chosen by *Strikers* in their first or second year sure are different—
They had that and other secret conversations, but the person themselves weren’t aware at all.

Satsuki went to school while talking and holding hands with Maya.
She escorted her to the principal’s office and then headed to the classroom of 1-1.
– Morning, everyone.
– Good morning, Ranjou-san.
It had been almost a year since she entered school, so when she said hello, everyone in the class greeted her back with smiling faces.
– Hey, Ranjou-san, I’ve been trying to do that thing you taught us before.
– After I kept practicing to open the seven gates in the bath, I’ve come to actually feel *prana* flowing these days.
– It’s really important to relax, isn’t it?
She was happy to be surrounded like this once in a while.

She was impressed that everyone kept making an effort, and was happy as their classmate that they were getting stronger solidly and little by little, so she thought she wanted to be more dependable too.
– Really? After all, the advice of someone who suddenly became B-Rank is different.
She was praised, and too happy, her mood was at the maximum it could get, it was about to break through the ceiling.
As Satsuki threw out her chest, then threw it out more and more, so much that she looked like she was doing calisthenics,
– Rea□lly? If you still have any questions, be sure to ask me a□nything!
Satsuki-chan, who is a B-Rank, a regular member of *Strikers*, and who will sure graduate from an associate, will extraordinarily coach everyone! Fo□□□ foh fo, fo□□□□ fo fo foh fo fo!
– Ah, yes.
Everyone left while she laughed loudly.
Even if they talked occasionally, it didn't last long for some reason.
And for some reason, there was no person she could call a friend.
Having no choice, and to kill time until homeroom, Satsuki put the satchel on her desk and went to where Urushibara Shizuno was. She had come to school earlier.
The sluggish Shizuno sat down, curled up her back slovenly and put her chin on the desk.
– Hey, Urushibara. Sit straight, that's shameful.
– What does it have to do with Satsuki if I am shameless?
Shizuno, her chin resting on her desk, replied languidly without looking at her.
– There are people around us! Aren't you embarrassed?
Shizuno was a beautiful woman, so if she made a lazy pose like this, she would stand out too much.
She looked like a simpleton.
– If it's not Moroha's eyes, then I don't care what I look like or if they point at my back, you know?
– You're too staunch….
Satsuki looked at her with reproach, but Shizuno's brazenness repelled her.
– If you don't have anything important to tell me, then may I ask you to leave me alone, Ranjou-san? I want to doze off in my seat all day like this.
– It's not your seat though.
Satsuki thrust her finger at her with a snap.
Shizuno placed her chin on the back seat in the middle row of the class.
In other words, it was Moroha's seat.
– That's my seat so get out!
– … Isn't that wrong?
– I, I also want to put my chin on i□t.

Now that Moroha was in New York, she had so many chances.
Satsuki grinded her teeth, wondering how she didn’t think of that.
– If you kneel and call me with 「Please, I will give you half of my territory, Urushibara-sama 」, I’ll lend it to you. What do you say?
– Who’s going to call you!?!?
– If you call me 「Shizuno」 without any decoration, I’ll lend it to you. What will you do, Satsuki?
– W-who’s going to call….
Satsuki blushed at the unrecognizable emotion stabbing her chest.
It wasn’t like she was embarrassed.
– Okay, lend, it, to, me.
Shizuno, her chin still placed on the desk, turned towards her for the first time.
The look on her eyes was as expressionless as usual, and the expression of her eyes was mischievous somehow.
– It doesn’t matter. Sensei is here. Return quickly to your seat too!
Tanaka Tarou, the class teacher, entered the classroom and Satsuki returned to her seat.
But when Shizuno tried to start homeroom in Moroha’s seat nonchalantly, Satsuki retorted in a loud voice.
After homeroom class and every time there was a break between classes, Satsuki competed with Shizuno for 「Who would put her chin on Moroha’s desk」, and because she won with 3 wins and 2 losses, she welcomed lunch break with satisfaction.
Shizuno had promised to eat with Leshya from Class 2, so the three of them headed to the lawn in the courtyard.
On the way, they dropped by the school store and bought bread.
The one who talked cheerfully along the way was Leshya aka Elena Arshavina.
– Therefore, as someone who has a personal opinion, I explained to everyone in the class. The key to becoming stronger in Savior VS Savior battles is, first and foremost, to start training without considering the opponent is a person.
– Can you stop talking about such a brutal thing with a smile on your face …?
– Why would I do that, Ranjou Satsuki? I’m new to Japan, and I, who always look after everyone in class, was able to give useful information to everyone. I feel full of pride.
She knew she was proud, but Leshya was unusually talkative today.
As they sat down on the lawn, and when she pointed that out,

– I wasn’t aware of it, but maybe I’ve been livelier since yesterday. At any rate, Moroha defeated the Evil Spirit-class. I knew that Moroha could overcome the frightening death flag, which makes me feel relieved. This joy is beyond description.
– It’s only you who was worried that much….
Satsuki stared at her as she opened the bundle of onigiri.
Because this morning she had a pure Western-style menu, she would have types of onigiri for lunch: salmon, Japanese plum and salted salmon roe, so when she bit into them, the saltiness was superb! The taste of rice stood out.
Her mood improved,
– Hey, hey, Leshya is happy too. Why don’t we try calling Moroha again?
She proposed to Shizuno who was eating Danish gracefully.
If they called him at this time, given the time difference, they could talk with Moroha before bedtime.
It wasn’t that Moroha went out to have fun, but Shizuno had been warned not to make him become exhausted too often, however, now that the mission was completed, there should be no problem.
– Yes. I think there’s no problem.
Having gotten the approval of Shizuno who was the most persistent, Satsuki called Moroha in high and proud spirits.
Shizuno didn’t change her complexion and Leshya revealed all her expectations. They waited for Moroha to answer the phone.
──But he didn’t answer the phone.
– Did he fall asleep already?
– How mortifying. We should have thought of that a little earlier.
Satsuki joined Leshya and got dejected, but,
– Wait. Shall we call Sophia-senpai?
– Eh, why?
– A woman’s intuition.
Shizuno said so in a severe voice.
Overpowered by her force, Satsuki called Sophia without getting the point.
Their Senpai, who seemed to be living her daily life at the New York main office with Moroha, answered immediately.
– We just called Moroha, but he didn’t answer. Is he sleeping already?
When she explained and asked a question, Sophia told them with a strained laugh mixed in it.
「He can’t receive calls right now. Moroha is in the middle of something」
– What, did you say?
Without a moment’s delay, Shizuno flared up.
It was in speaker mode, so Sophia heard her too.
「Because Moroha will return to Japan, he’s in the middle of a scramble with my boss, Lei and Chiki because they want to sleep with him to make memories」
– When it comes to Nii-sama, he never stops being popular!!

Satsuki got mad spontaneously.
Anyhow, because she understood the situation, she thanked Sophia and hung up.
– What are you so angry about? I think it's natural that Moroha is popular with the opposite sex, you know?
– Your love affairs are at the level of an elementary school student, so stay out of this.
Satsuki flatly silenced Leshya who inclined her head to the side innocently.
– Both Elena-san and Satsuki are right.
– Huh? What do you mean?
– It can't be helped that Moroha is popular. If it's within my sight, it doesn't matter how naughty he is. But this time, I'm not pleased either.
Shizuno shrugged her shoulders,
– When Moroha comes back, I'll get him sleep with me so much that he will forget about American women.
– M-me too. I want to sleep with him too.
– If so, I want to stand as a candidate too.
– Yes, it's fine. My bed has enough space for four people to sleep. Let's join forces to remind him of our magnificence, alright?
The three women worked out how to drag Moroha into such situation and exchanged strong vows of accomplices.
As they were immersed in a conversation like that, they finished eating.
It was too early to head to the afternoon practical skill.
Satsuki lay down on the grass.
– Nii-sama will come back and school will finally be fun.
Leshya did the same next to her.
– You think so? I certainly want Moroha to come back as soon as possible as well. But I think this school has a strong appeal, you know?
– That's because you have a lot of friends in your class.
– That's right. However, you also have good friends, no? I'd like you to put your hand on your chest and think "Is this school really worthless?".
Leshya refused to back down.
She looked at her while lying down, the expression appearing on her face was obstinacy itself.
Thinking about why she got so irritated, Satsuki suddenly realized.
The life of Leshya in her "man-eater" era was, to sum it up in one word, gruesome.
She was saved by Moroha, left the Russian Division and came here.
For Leshya, Akane Academy was a place that gave her peace for the first time in her life.
Since she spoke badly of it, it was natural for her not to agree with her.
Satsuki couldn't object with anything.
Instead of that, she tried to think. *From another angle, how about myself?*
Compared to the days when she changed schools over and over, was unable to make friends and was just happy to meet Flaga in her dreams…*.

*TN: Flaga is the furigana reading for Moroha.
While lying on her back, she looked at the clouds aimlessly.
In the first days of March, the mornings and evenings were still very cold, but the afternoons were warm. And comfortable.
The pleasantly warm feeling of the lawn touching her back.
And the constant laughter of the students sounded brighter day by day.
The spring rays of the Sun shone with a sparkle on the walls of the school building which could be said it was an even newer construction.
Satsuki muttered in a corner of Akane Academy.
– Yeah… I, also, like this place….
Normally, she would be embarrassed, it was a word that she wasn't able to say, but now she could say it easily.
Leshya, without saying anything, extended her hand.
Satsuki also kept silent and held her hand.
As they lay down, facing upward, the two of them basked in the gentle sunlight.
She thought that Shizuno would usually poke fun at her with something like 「I think that school without Moroha is worthless, you know?」, but she just silently watched over them.
The three of them kept a gentle silence as if they understood each other much better than wasting many words.
*(*Yawn*…)*
Satsuki yawned a little.
She came to doze off a little.
It might be okay to surrender herself to this satisfying nap.
The very moment when she thought so,
– A――――――――!
Satsuki shouted and jumped up.
– W-what's the matter all of a sudden, Ranjou Satsuki?
– T-T-T-Taketsuru-senpai and Souya-senpai were on the rooftop just now. I saw them by accident.
– And what's wrong with it?
As Satsuki, who was questioned by Leshya and Shizuno from the left and right, pointed to the roof of the first school building,
– It's a secret meeting! A lover's meeting! I've always thought that those two were suspicious, don't you agreeeee?
She got excited and asked for their agreement.
Shizuno and Leshya were just lost for words.
Only the cold wind, that made them believe it was the remnants of winter, blew through.
– Aren't you jumping to a wrong conclusion like always?
Shizuno turned away like she was truly indifferent.
– What does it have to do with us if Taketsuru Uisuke and Souya Manako are dating?
Leshya stared in puzzlement like she didn't get it at all.

Satsuki got mad at the negative pair,
– I'll infiltrate the scene and obtain evidence. After all, if they graduate while still not knowing, I'll never get to know!
She said so to Shizuno and Leshya over her shoulder and started running.
– Stop. Do you want to be kicked by a horse and die?
Shizuno tried to stop her, but Satsuki became stubborn and didn't hear her.

As it turned out, she went for no reason.
Satsuki rushed up to the rooftop, opened the door, got impatient, saw Taketsuru and Manako and thrust her finger at them, saying 「I found out that you were secretly flirting!」, but....
Not only Taketsuru and Manako were there, other third-year friends and members such as Isurugi Jin, Doujima, Nosada were having lunch there.
From the courtyard, it became a blind spot, she only happened to see Taketsuru and Manako.
As Shizuno said, she jumped to the wrong conclusion.
– ──Because of that, Souya-senpai has been staring at you the whole time?
– … es*.
*TN: A "yes" but without the "y".
Shizuno pointed out coldly and Satsuki assented while being dejected.
Right before the start of the afternoon practice. At the third martial arts stadium.
Irregular joint training for Year 1 Class 1, Year 2 Class 4 and Year 3 Class 3.
As she waited for each grade to split in three places in the arena because it wasn't particularly decided, Satsuki hung her head and reported the results to Shizuno.
Souya Manako──the Senpai with plain glasses buried like a background character in the gathering of 3-3, had been staring at Satsuki since then.
The scary and frightening thing in her severe look hidden in the depths of her unfashionable glasses.
– … I didn't think she was that angry.

– It’s normal to be angry, no? It would be a rude topic if they weren’t dating, and if they were dating, their secret would be revealed, so there’s no way she would feel good, is there?
– What the? They’re made for each other so it’s good, no? Everyone wants to bless them.
– Not everyone is carefree and easygoing like you, Satsuki. Some people want to be left alone.
– Uuuu….
Shizuno’s exasperated voice pierced Satsuki’s chest.
The bell rang and the class teachers in charge of the three classes led by Tanaka came to the arena.
All the students gathered in order in front of them.
During that time, Satsuki felt in a part of her face that Manako’s reproachful eyes were piercing her all the time.
– I didn’t think Souya-senpai was such a scary person. I thought she was a reserved and ordinary Senpai.
– You just noticed? She is very high on my list of 『People I don’t want to anger』.
– Tell me sooner!
– That’s why I stopped you.
Even when she complained, Shizuno didn’t deal with it.
– How can I get her to forgive me…?
– If you prostrate yourself naked maybe?
– Think seriously, Urushibara. Don’t say it like it’s someone else’s problem.
– From my point of view, the only thing I can comment is 『It’s a peaceful day to be seriously worried about such a meaningless thing』.
Shizuno declared in a very roundabout way that it was 『someone else’s problem』.
Ironically enough——
Everything happened at the same time. A deafening explosion burst through the martial arts stadium. It was too sudden and without a sign.
Satsuki thought that her heart would jump out of her mouth.
Even the calm Shizuno who was all absentminded when talking made her mouth open and close repeatedly.
Enough for everyone to be surprised and dumbfounded.
After their consciousness went blank for a moment, everyone looked around. They tried to confirm the identity of the sound.
Nothing strange happened in the martial arts stadium. In the first place, the inside of the martial arts stadium was protected by Maya’s 『Field of Dreams』.
So, where did that come from?
What on earth was happening?
They faced each other and discussed.
It suddenly got noisy inside the martial arts stadium.
During that time, the strange noise didn’t stop.

The first terrible sound of an explosion was followed by the roaring sound of something huge collapsing.
It was an unpleasant sound that made people worry.
It didn’t mean they heard it right next to them.
But it wasn’t far enough to seem like it had nothing to do with them.
Satsuki couldn’t help but have a bad feeling.
When she looked at Shizuno’s complexion, she understood she felt the same.
It was the first time at Akane Academy.
More importantly, at a time when Moroha wasn’t there….
– Everyone, calm down. The teacher will investigate, so refrain from acting rashly!
– You won’t be in danger if you stay inside the martial arts stadium!
Tanaka and the other class teachers raised their voices and remonstrated the students who became agitated.
– Let’s do as they say.
Shizuno combed up her long hair with a pompous gesture and showed a composed pose.
– Y-yeah.
Seeing that, and feeling she had to make an effort, Satsuki forcibly expelled the anxiety in her chest.
However, she just couldn’t get rid of the bad feeling that had accumulated slowly but steadily at the bottom of her chest.
Suddenly, Tanaka’s mobile phone got a phone call. It was news of the situation.
After exchanging a few words and hanging up, Tanaka told everyone with a gloomy face.
With that, Satsuki and the others knew.
The bad premonition she had was on the mark.
Akane Academy had become a battlefield.

Chapter 2: Leonard Van Percy

In front of Haruka, the auditorium was blown away and smashed to atoms.
The few remaining supports and base building materials couldn’t withstand the impact and crumbled down.
Apart from the opening ceremony, it was a place that was rarely used, but it was still part of the school.
It was part of Haruka’s daily life.
That was why she unconsciously ended up being unable to move before such unrealistic scene.
She went out of school with a close classmate, had lunch and came back using a shortcut through the back of the auditorium, so why was this happening…?
Haruka was a warrior.
Now, when a 「Metaphysical」 appeared, she was a person who resolved herself to go to battle.
But not even herself had ever imagined that the day would come when she would witness a scene like this.
She was completely convinced that Akane Academy was a place that had nothing to do with the horrors of war.
To think the enemy appeared and really attacked… that’s… truly….
Her thoughts went in circles.
As she grasped the ID Tag in her right hand tightly, she didn’t know what to do.
She stood stock still in blank amazement.
There—
「You’re not going to draw your sword, young lady?」
A voice reached her briefly.
A slightly rough intonation in English.
His tone of voice seemed to sound terribly disappointed.
Haruka shifted her attention to the owner of the voice nervously.
A white man wearing a cowboy hat elegantly.
He uninterestedly played with a fantastic immaterial sword without a sword blade and put it back into the sheath.
Taking a straight look at him, Haruka finally came to her senses.
He’s the enemy.
This man was the assailant who blew away the auditorium with a stroke of the sword.

Leonard Van Percy, one of the Six Wings.
What was this thing about him turning his body diagonally, holding the cowboy hat with one hand and his presence standing fearlessly?
A terrifying pressure.
The warrior's instinct of Haruka, who was affected by that pressure, had awakened.
She recalled the meaning of the ID Tag held in her right hand.
Her thoughts became clear.
She could see her surroundings well.
– Shiina! Run, please!
Haruka yelled at her classmate who was unable to stand up due to fear behind her.
Wearing a sapphire blue *prana*, she manifested a short sword.
She turned the sharp point of the sword towards Leonard and put herself in a true stance with her legs in an L-shape, with one leg bent in front and the other extended behind.
– Tell Captain Isurugi or somebody about this! I'll be his opponent. Only Shiina can do it! Run!
– Un… understood! Don't overwork yourself, Momochi!
As if she had been struck by Haruka's fierce encouragement, she regained her determination and ran.
She wouldn't let him get in the way.
Haruka turned towards Leonard and spoke sharply.
「You're very unlucky. Of all people, the third-year students are back. What a timing to do this, huh」
「Like I thought, you believe so? But you're wrong. I came taking into consideration that the golden generation had gathered」
Leonard shrugged his shoulders in a big way while standing up straight.
「I'm way too tired of hiding in the shadows. I want to resume activities and treat myself. In that case, like I thought, I want to go flashy, you know? "What should I do" I thought. Then, like I thought, I came to the conclusion that my only choice was to crush Akane Academy」
「I don't get what you mean」
「Now that the Russian Division has become lenient, the best training institution in 『Order』is, like I thought, this place, right? In fact, the current strongest force in the Japanese Division is here too. The young ladies embody the glorious future of 『Order』That's why I'll **crush you**. This time, I'm going to destroy you all from the root, which will be perfect for that *demonstration*」
Leonard wore an unsettling smile and recited a terrifying declaration of war.
Out of the two swords hanging down, he slowly unsheathed the one he wasn't using a moment ago.
This was a thin sword with a proper sword blade.
Sky blue *prana* slowly rose up like flames from Leonard's whole body.

The pressure gradually increased and Haruka was tormented by the illusion of getting her skin scorched.
「Shall we go? *Strikers!?*」
With the sword in his right hand, Leonard came thrusting at her as he showed an unsettling smile on his face.
He was fast!
Maybe more so than Moroha!
– Nyaroh.

Not feeling confident that she could avoid it, Haruka stopped it with the sword.
Leonard immediately praised her with a whistle.
「Young lady, you can be proud of yourself, you know? The average Joe can't catch sight of my thrust the first time they see it because they were staring intensely at the wrong place and finally noticed it when they got stabbed」
「I have a good coach」
As they locked swords, Haruka replied as she wondered if she would be overwhelmed.
In fact, if Haruka hadn't had matches with Moroha regularly and hadn't gotten used to ultra-high-speed battles, the possibility of being killed by the first long slash was high.
– Uryah.
「Ha ha!」
The timing being the same, they pushed the guard on the sword against each other, jumped back together and reduced the distance.
Without having time to regain her breath, Leonard came slashing at her.
Yes, he was ridiculously fast.
However, she got used to it by seeing it a second time.
Instead of going on the defensive, she counterattacked.
She opposed speed with speed.
Like a lightning bolt running on the ground, she burned blue *prana* and thrust at him.
「Uoh!?」
That speed of Haruka made Leonard open his eyes wide.
Because he was taken by surprise, it seemed that the point of Haruka's sword would reach him first.
But, as expected. In the distance unreachable for Haruka's body, Leonard had already swung down his sword.
He hit and dealt with the stab of the lightning-fast Haruka.
「To see through my thrust the first time you see it, you aren't ordinary either」
If she made his blood go to his head, then the intentionally confident remark was like a bargain. And revenge.
「Young lady, you're a speed fighter too!」
Leonard was truly happy. Unfortunately, he still had plenty of room.
Haruka got fired up, Leonard laughed disturbingly and crossed swords there 2 or 3 times.
However, their speed was their strong point.
Stopping their feet and crossing swords weren't part of their nature.

They didn’t make signs to each other, but at the same time, they took distance by stepping back.
(Is he playing… with me?)
Without Leonard coming to attack her, Haruka thought while adjusting her breathing this time.
She hadn’t yet seen the true strength of the opponent.
If things continued as they were, she could do something.
But—Leonard hadn’t drawn the other sword yet.
The blow that blew away the auditorium, just like Moroha’s Yin Yang.
Is there a reason why it cannot be used or has he judged that it’s unnecessary to use it?
(Whatever. If he’s looking down on me, then it favors me)
Haruka didn’t need to defeat this guy.
Isurugi and other reliable Senpais would come running soon.
In other words, about this time, the school principal should be using 「Transportal」 to urgently work out how to summon Moroha from New York.
If Haruka gained time, it would be her victory.
If this guy, who declared he would crush the golden generation all at once, thought of her as warm-up exercises or an appetizer, then she had no choice but to call herself lucky.
「Young lady, can you play with me?」
Leonard said the words she was expecting.
Haruka got amused and tried to laugh.
But she didn’t laugh.
Her mouth stiffened.
The happy eyes of Leonard, who said a playful line, were looking at her—
And, her body and instinct felt an indescribable fear.
「Is speed the only thing the young lady is proud of? Or, like I thought, she’s confident in 「Godlike Movement」?」
「… Who knows? Shall we try it?」
「Of course I’ll try it. With Kashiwaba, putting him down was a strict order. Even though he was a very rare fine jewel, I couldn’t play with him. So I’ll get you to accompany me to eliminate that frustration, understood?」
Leonard slashed while talking about something that didn’t make sense to Haruka.
He was really fast. But that was it.
It was the same as before, a crude, straight thrusting attack.
Who was actually 「Taking pride in speed only」?
Thinking so, Haruka acted cautiously.
She wasn’t careless. She assumed that the opponent was simply superior.
She didn’t take Leonard’s words as a bluff.
That was why she didn’t go for a counter but went on the defensive and waited.
While crossing swords for a short time, she understood one thing.
Leonard was an absolute speed fighter like Haruka.

Because even if their swords clashed and got locked, the powerless Haruka wasn't out pushed at all.
Apart from that Yin Yang secret skill, if it was a normal slash, there was no danger of being pressed by strength.
Haruka usually hated that, the main purpose of defense was to avoid without blocking, but with an opponent like this, she would feel relieved going on the defensive.
Under such a tactical conclusion, there was the "waiting".
「Like I thought, you can be proud, young lady. **We'll** fall behind unless we think fast」
Leonard's words frightened her.
Haruka wondered that the thoughts she made go around quickly were read by faster thoughts.
(Don't hesitate)
She concentrated only on stopping Leonard's slash who approached at a terrifying speed with the sword.
It worked and the arc drawn by the tip of the sword that was swung down diagonally from the upper left was stopped at the perfect moment.
And yet──
(I feel no response in my hands!)
The impact that should be transmitted from the blocked sword to the wrist didn't come.
On the contrary, Leonard vanished like a haze while having the appearance of slashing the sword diagonally from the shoulder.
In other words, this was an afterimage.
The real body was──
「To your right」
– Don't underestimate me!
Haruka was indignant at Leonard who deliberately informed her of his position and slashed at her while taking advantage of this surprise with the afterimage.
(Am I panicking with something like this!?)
She was taken by surprise, but not enough to make her lose herself.
It wasn't that she could never deal with it.
I'll show you the proof! Haruka swung her sword nimbly.
Horizontally right. She would slash him before she was slashed.
Haruka's sword cut Leonard first.
However, and as expected,
(There's no response!? Why!?)
Haruka panicked, but there was only one answer.
This was also an afterimage. A double 「Komon」.
「I'm, kidding! The real one is behind you. Is this your first time seeing this?」
A shock ran through her back, followed by severe pain.
This time she was slashed and sent flying by the real Leonard.

She completely fell into his trap. Leonard's 「right」 declaration was a bluff.
Haruka performed the art of falling safely while shedding tears, adjusted her posture as she rolled on the ground and stood up.
She prepared for the chase without complaining.
「Go for it! I thought it had quickly ended just now」
However, Leonard was just impressed, he didn't attack.
「Young lady, who is your coach? Like I thought, Akane has great teachers too?」
Haruka had been slashed, but she concentrated 「High Durability」 on her back right away and got praised for enduring it and surviving.
「Isn't this way of fighting nothing more than something with which that coach surprises the young lady regularly? See? Like I thought, I was right. That's why the young lady **is used to be taken by surprise**. That coach is a big deal. They're an invaluable teacher you ought to be proud of, right? I'm not saying that the development of playing by the book is a boring close friend, but you can't learn the real power to survive from a thing like that」
「… That's true. My coach is the best there is」
Haruka answered as she took deep breaths and endured the back pain.
(But it's meaningless if his important pupil is unworthy)
She mocked herself in her mind.
And the pain, self-deprecation, and feelings of guilt towards her coach made her prepare herself for the worst.
In order to go along with this man's play, she had to put her life on the line.
(Yes, how pathetic and miserable!)
Haruka clenched her teeth and launched herself upon him.
She made the first move for the first time.
She ran through the shortest distance at the fastest speed and thrust at him.
「Woah!」
Leonard jested and dodged it like a bullfighter.
The figure of Haruka, who was dodged, disappeared like a haze while having the appearance of rushing.
In other words, this first hit was an afterimage.
The real body circled around Leonard's back and slashed at——
「Oh!?」
——She pretended to do so, it was also an afterimage to induce the attack of Leonard who panicked.
Missing thoroughly, she made him lose his posture and performed a surprise attack!
「No, you won't…! 」
Leonard swung the sword with his right hand, and from that posture, drew the sword on his hip with his left hand at once and stopped Haruka's slash.
Even when attacking using the same tactic, Haruka suffered damage, and Leonard surpassed her.

And despite being a *Shirogane* who specialized in the same 「Godlike Movement」, and, as expected, the opponent was really good.
Haruka didn't feel like clicking her tongue.
They jumped backwards again and gained distance,
「Young lady, the face you're making is bad, you know? That face that seemed to say 「It was my first time seeing an attack like that!」 just now was a bluff, wasn't it? Like I thought, even the young lady can make use of it」
「Go ahead and laugh. I'm a student with a bad memory, so I'll forget about it after I get to be coached one more time」
Haruka pouted and confessed.
The way of walking that created afterimages and that it was an applied technique of 「Godlike Movement」.
That was 「Komon」.
It was the easiest of the seven derived techniques, but not if one tried to do a double or a triple 「Komon」. The difficulty skyrocketed.
It took courage too.
At the end of last year, Haruka became able to use a double 「Komon」 in actual battle after running across the Chinese Division Head Ba Tekka. She kept doing special training over and over after that, and now she had no difficulties in using it freely.
And the other day, just before it was decided that Moroha would go to America, he coached her.
– Now that Momo-senpai has mastered double 「Komon」 perfectly, she can add more depth to the offensive pattern.
And――
There were two main ways to use 「Komon」.
A tactic in which one pretended to receive the blow of the opponent by means of an afterimage, unleashed a surprise attack and 「took the initiative」.
This was the orthodox way of using it.
On the other hand, a tactic in which one pretended to be slashed by an afterimage, unleashed a surprise attack from another direction and 「took the initiative」.
Both were too great as feint techniques, but if one chose a style in which the opponent got more and more cautious, it wouldn't be very effective.
That was why using it when it was time to use it rather than using it a lot was essential.
– But when you reach the point of using double 「Komon」, the story changes.
Moroha taught her so.
If she used double 「Komon」 and 「took the initiative」, she would reach the point of being able to make full use of multiple feints.
The variation in offense evolved instantly.

However, Moroha had departed to America before starting the special training for real, so, as she waited for his return, she just kept training to improve the accuracy of double 「Komon」 while giving up halfway.
What Leonard tried to do just now was exactly like a double 「Komon」 that 「took the initiative」.
Because it was her first time seeing it in real battle, Haruka ended up panicking.
But since she had heard about it, it shouldn't be impossible to deal with it at all.
Being shameful, she would be too ashamed to meet Moroha at this rate.
Urged by such feelings, Haruka attacked Leonard back without being prepared beforehand.
Leonard didn't understand the circumstances hidden inside Haruka at all.
「You're quite something if you were able to learn it to that extent, young lady. It's proof that you have a solid foundation. I don't hate those who battle on in difficult circumstances」
He praised her both inside and outside,
「But you learned it and, like I thought, you don't know how to use 「Komon」, do you?」
With a meddlesome-sounding way of speaking, he carried a sword in one hand and attacked.
For the fourth time, Leonard thrust the sword straight into her.
However, she already knew that this monster of 「Godlike Movement」 wasn't going to attack dead honest.
Haruka just braced herself and put herself on guard to deal with any feint he would do.
「Lesson 2, young lady!」
The figure of Leonard, who closed in on her at a tremendous speed, suddenly tripled.
(—Eh? 「Donrou」!? It wasn't 「Komon」!?)
The way of walking that made speed explode momentarily and sent forth a series of attacks with a movement that could be mistaken as making clones.
That was 「Donrou」.
It was a similar but completely different technique to 「Komon」, they weren't the same.
Haruka wasn't a child to the point of criticizing that, but a feint was a feint, so to think that a low-level action like two consecutive bluffs would be done was….
She didn't think that he was such a low-level opponent, but….
While finding it suspicious, Haruka took a very respectable action against 「Donrou」.
She jumped back with all her might and escaped from the three-side pincer attack.

「Donrou」 was pressing and combined blows that instantaneously increased attack power several times, but the recoil for making the speed explode forcibly wasn't ordinary, so it created a big opportunity after it was used.
For better or worse, it was a deadly way of walking.
That was why she dodged it with all her strength.
Then she re-grasped her sword and waited for Leonard to have his movement dulled by the recoil.
「But I said it's 「Donrou」! Like I thought, you don't trust me, do you?」
The front and right Leonard disappeared like a haze and the remaining Leonard to the left showed a wry smile on his face.
Namely, this wasn't a clone but an afterimage.
– Wha….
Haruka was hit by surprise again.
Leonard accelerated noticeably; the wry smile still engraved into the corners of his mouth.
Unlike 「Donrou」, 「Komon」 didn't have any recoil after being used.
Rather, because it was a technique to strike the opponent immediately after confusing them with an afterimage, it couldn't be said one could master it if one ended up stumbling a few steps forward when making an afterimage.
Leonard's thrust approached Haruka who couldn't move as she jumped back with all her strength.
The point of the sword was thrust into her stomach.
– Kuuuu….h
She was sent flying backwards, couldn't land safely due to the impact, was thrown violently against the ground and rolled on it because of having too much momentum.
It wasn't a fatal wound, but it was a deep injury; she expressed anguish.
The reason she survived by paper-thin difference was because the blow of Leonard, who was a speed-specialized type, was light, and thanks to Moroha's educational gift—she could concentrate 「High Durability」 on the spur of the moment.
– Uuuuuuhh!
Haruka clenched her teeth, endured the pain, tried to stand up and get ready to go after him.
But she couldn't stand up. The impact of being struck still remained in her body.
While crouching, she glared up at Leonard.
「Like I thought, you gained knowledge, yes? If you investigate 「Komon」 thoroughly, you can attack like I did just now」
Leonard stood up straight where he was as he tapped her shoulder with the middle part of the sword.
This is a mere lesson.
I'm being considerate.
As though his attitude said so.
Because he had the status that allowed him to say that.

Haruka couldn’t yet create two afterimages at the same time, even with the same double 「Komon」.
If she could do that, she would be taught in pain “Is such a way of attacking possible?”
A short while ago, Haruka misunderstood that it was 「Donrou」 and took the wrong countermeasures, but even if she knew the real identity of the technique, she couldn’t deal with it. It was impossible to distinguish which were the afterimages and which one was the real one that came slashing at her from the front, right and left; dealing with it was not possible.
Dodging all three swords was next to impossible, and if she stopped one and it resulted to be an afterimage, she would be cut by the real one.
Even a counterattack couldn’t be done lightly. If the opponent slashing back was an afterimage, then she would be slashed by the real one again.
And even if he made the same attack again, her blurry vision couldn’t see.
「「Godlike Movement」 sure is interesting, isn’t it? Like I thought, it’s very effective, I should say」
Leonard laughed cheerfully like a senior disciple who trained his fellow kouhai.
Leonard laughed innocently like a child who found a like-minded friend.
She couldn’t help but feel angry at him attacking all of a sudden, daring to destroy the auditorium and make that face.
(But… he’s strong…. I’m not someone who can play with him…)
Haruka grinded her teeth out of vexation while crouching.
She was a B-Rank *Shirogane*.
In terms of overall strength, she knew she wasn’t even close.
But when it came to 「Godlike Movement」.
When it came to just 「Godlike Movement」.
She didn’t want to lose to Moroha or anyone.
Even though she had been refining it every day with such vigor.
She didn’t even reach his feet.
(I have to admit…. I have to be calm…. I have to think….)
It looked like she wasn’t an opponent who could even earn time decently.
Then what she should do?
Go all or nothing and have an honorable death? That’s just escaping.
It should take as much fighting power as possible to repel such a powerful opponent.
Even the fighting power called 「Momochi Haruka」 shouldn’t lose easily.
That would be betrayal to everyone at school.
(… I have to survive. If I can’t earn time, I’ll have to run away to where everyone…!)
The problem was that it was difficult to even escape from this monster of an opponent and his 「Godlike Movement」.
What should I do?
Haruka thought desperately.
Leonard saw her expression,

「Oh…? Despite being beaten up this much, your eyes aren't dead at all, young lady」
He muttered with a straight face.
The scary eyes that seemed to erase the smile he had been wearing for a while and tried to see through all of Haruka's inner thoughts were staring at her.
This man's tone was frivolous but not stupid.
He excelled in reading predictions and constantly repeated insights to grasp the truth of his opponent.
「Even though you have a cute face, like I thought, you're still a warrior. I respect you. For that reason, I won't turn a blind eye to you, okay?」
He slowly readied the sword that had tapped her shoulder again.
With that much, the pressure increased.
She couldn't find a chance to escape.
Cold sweat ran down the spine of Haruka.
「You did well, young lady. Your opponent is called "Flash Sword", no one will blame you. Be relieved」
──Leonard informed in a somewhat pious tone of voice.
– Yes, Momochi-kun did well.
──She suddenly heard the rusty voice of a man.
At the same time, multiple things appeared.
Swordflashes similar to raging snakes of light attacked Leonard from behind.
Leonard pretended to be struck by them, turned around an afterimage as a decoy and unleashed a restraining 「Jupiter」 in order to dodge it.
A storm hit the bare ground behind the auditorium, and a cloud of dust danced.
All of this happened almost instantaneously.
A figure appeared in the rising cloud of dust.
「Who are you!?」
「I'm Isurugi Jin, the captain of *Strikers*」
Isurugi, who jumped out of the cloud of dust, slashed at him with a wide-edged sword from overhead.
「That was 「Lightning」, just like I thought!*」
*TN: Lightning is the furigana reading for Mars.
As if completely ignoring Haruka already, Leonard laid in wait for his attack with a fearless attitude.
– Leave it to me. Haruka, concentrate on healing yourself! After doing that, do a pincer attack with me!
The accurate assessment of the situation and orders of the captain.
Haruka had no choice but to obey.
Crouching, she sent all her *prana* to 「Inner Life」.
In front of her, the curtain of the mortal combat between Isurugi and Leonard had been raised.

Chapter 3: Louise Saint-Germain

Time was rewound a bit.
Everyone was waiting for Tanaka's explanation of the situation in the noisy third martial arts stadium.
Tanaka moistened his lips once and told the students with a stiffened voice.
– I'll get straight to the point. Currently, Akane Academy is being attacked by a *Shirogane* named Leonard Van Percy, a member of Six Wings.
Hearing so, the students got even noisier.
Among them, there was a voice screaming 「Why is "Flash Sword" Leonard part of Six Wings!?」
Even though that name sounded somewhat familiar, Satsuki asked Shizuno next to her.
– Is he famous?
– He was once abducted by "Invisible". The strongest *Shirogane* in the American Division.
– Then why is he a member of the Six Wings!?
Isn't it strange?
Wasn't all those who were abducted by "Invisible" turned into Evil Spirit-class?
– Was he persuaded after being swept away or was the abduction incident a trick to disappear because they came to an agreement from the beginning?
Hmm, which one is it?
The truth was in the dark.
But in any case, that fact that a troublesome person was conspiring with the Six Wings was unwavering.
– Silence! I repeat, if you stay here, you will be safe. Don't worry about anything. And Isurugi-kun has already rushed to the scene. Also, the school principal has contacted the American Division. She will summon Haimura-kun back with 「Transportal」!
Because of the following explanation of Tanaka, all presents let out great shouts of joy.
Satsuki and Shizuno pushed their way through the students getting excited all of a sudden, went towards Tanaka,
– If the captain went, please let us go too!
They made a reasonable assertion as members of *Strikers*.
Manako also came to their side, maybe her feelings were probably the same.

Of course, she seemed to have already set side her anger towards Satsuki.
– You see, Ranjou-san…. It’d be better if everyone stayed in this place until Moroha-kun retu──
– But Sensei will go, right?
– T-that’s… We must not let Isurugi-kun go alone, and if the members of the Six Wings are really coming, we’ll want to capture them by all possible means….
Currently, the divisions of each country were searching for them in a frenzy, but the Six Wings weren’t going to let them get a lead at all.
If they were able to capture someone like Leonard, that would exactly be getting a lead.
– We should strike them with all our strength. This is as important as the subjugation of 「Metaphysicals」… or much more important, I should say?
Manako, who was usually quiet and reserved, insisted strongly.
Satsuki looked at her and nodded to each other.
– Hmmm….
Tanaka hesitated even more to say something.
However, while contemplating, loud battle sounds could be heard from outside the martial arts stadium.
It was already right next to them.
The sound of angry roars and Dark Arts fired disorderly.
It seemed that someone other than Isurugi had sortied. It wasn’t just the teachers. Satsuki’s prediction told her that other regular members of *Strikers* should be fighting too.
– … Got it. Let’s go together.
Tanaka decided and the class teachers of 2-4 and 3-3 also agreed.
Together with Satsuki, Shizuno and Manako, a total of six people sortied.
Their classmates followed them with their eyes until they were out of sight with loud shouts of encouragement.
– Blockhead, you’re coming too?
As they headed to the exit, Satsuki referred to Shizuno in a mean way to distract herself from anxiousness.
– That’s obvious, is it not? The wife who was left alone by her husband.
– Who’s the husband and who’s the wife!?
– Seriously. … It’s embarrassing when it’s not Elena-san.
Shizuno said in a serious tone.
Yes, if Leshya, who was an expert in SvS battles, was there, then no matter who their opponent was, she would deal with them in the blink of an eye, even if they were S-Rank.
However, 1-2, the class she was enrolled at (and 2-1 and 3-4) , was in the mountains 30km away from here for outdoor training today.
– Aren’t Taketsuru-senpai and Nosada-senpai there too?
– Yes. And Mannendou-senpai too.
– We have already contacted the classes doing outdoor training. Arshavina-san and the others should be coming here too.

Satsuki was encouraged by Tanaka's words.
– But until then, we have to do our best alone.
– Isurugi-senpai is here, so there's no need to be so pessimistic.
Satsuki also agreed with Shizuno's words. That immediately made her realize that it was a half-hearted idea.
Satsuki threw open the exit door as if to send it flying and rushed out first.
**Swish*.*
Her skin was stroked by an awfully hot and unpleasant air.
– Shoot――!!
Right near them, Tokiko's order echoed.
A mixed *Kuroma* unit of *Strikers* and teachers shot 「Incinerate」, the 3rd Rank of Flames.
That was the reason why the atmosphere was hot.
It had already become a battlefield right outside the martial arts stadium, and a smelling burnt air was widespread.
The Dark Arts of Flames fired by the B-Ranks Tokiko, Doujima and three teachers and the C-Rank Takenaka exploded violently.
At the center of the fierce burst of flame was―a monster made entirely of ice.
It was about 3 meters tall.
A strange-looking centaur with the shape of a horse on the lower body and a lion-man on the upper body.
Being struck by the six 3rd Rank Dark Art attacks at the same time, its body surface had an unbelievable anti-magic power, it only melted a little.
– What the, is it a 「Metaphysical」!?
– No, it's a golem!
One of the teachers in the mixed *Kuroma* unit answered Satsuki's surprised voice.
Satsuki didn't know in detail who was in charge of the third years, but he was a *Kuroma* with a scholarly turn of mind and his name was Kurai. It was last October when Charles led 「Les Élements」 and attacked. They were able to capture 「Le Liquide」 Émilienne's slime golem unharmed, but it was this teacher who was overjoyed at that time.
– Why is there a golem here!? It wasn't a *Shirogane* who attacked!?
– It's unclear! We assume there's a *Kuroma* lurking nearby, Ranjou!
The one who answered next was Tokiko.
She turned her heroic back towards Satsuki and confronted the terrifying golem.
Her combat experience and leadership commanded the mixed *Kuroma* unit apart from the teachers.
As expected from a talented woman who reigned as the demon vice-captain and was part of the golden generation.
– I only let the captain go towards Leonard. Momochi is there so they'll do something about him. If they don't, we'll be in trouble. At the same time, we have to do something about this guy on our own!

Although her voice was rough, her tone was always calm, cool and collected like that of a soldier.
The pressing thing Satsuki sensed among them was her imagination?
During the brief dialogue, the ice golem swung its arms, turned around and rampaged.
The tip of its elbows had become large, sturdy and broad blades, tearing the wind and buzzing with each swing.
Heavy and powerful strong attacks. Enough to understand it at a glance.
A mixed *Shirogane* unit consisting of three teachers and two regular members of *Strikers* surrounded the golem and created a front line, holding it back, but every time the large, study and broad blades were swung, they became agitated.
The Akane Academy teachers were all powerful B-Ranks, but as expected, their lack of combat experience stood out. They knew the golem's blows were scary, but they avoided them way too exaggeratedly.
On the other hand, the two *Strikers*—Tsugihara and Makibayashi were fearless B-Rank fighters and *Shiroganes* who excelled at attacking. In this situation where only five of them had to protect the *Kuromas* behind them, they hadn't been able to show their true strength.
Judging from Satsuki's point of view, it was evident that it was a very unreliable front line.
It was stressful that not only Moroha, but also Isurugi, Sophia, Nosada, Taketsuru and Haruka weren't here.
– L-let's withdraw to the martial arts stadium!
A person proposed such a thing mixed with a scream.
It was the *Striker* Takenaka. In the past, he was considered to be the best of the second years, he was by no means a talentless *Kuroma*, but when it counted, he couldn't stop trembling.
– You fool! Don't you understand that if we do that, this golem will go after Isurugi!?
He was always yelled at by Tokiko like this.
– T-that's why it should be better to contact the captain and stay indoors with everyone until Haimura-kun returns.
– You fool, you idiot, you moron! Can you do anything without Haimura!? Can you fight if you don't rely on him? You're a 「Savior」, aren't you!? If we shatter this golem, everyone can go to help Isurugi. Then we can apprehend that Six Wings terrorist. It's worth taking risks and fighting has a meaning to it, doesn't it? If so, where is your firm determination!?
The great scolding of Tokiko aimed at Takenaka.
However, at the same time, that attracted everyone's attention.
Withdrawing from this place was impossible. There was no choice but to bring down the golem—
Tokiko's words united everyone's will, raised morale and encouraged them.
That was the reason that although she was a Senpai full of problems and hated by many people, nobody said "I'd like you to quit as the vice-captain".

– We’ll assist you.
Manako, who was next to Satsuki, called out to Tokiko.
She was a 「Clairvoyance」 expert. In other words, she was a *Shirogane* that was strong in defense.
– Y-yes!
Satsuki replied loudly and joined the front line with her.
She rushed to the front of the ice golem that bolted upright as if to call the giant’s attention.
When she stepped in between the teachers who cowered before the incredible force of the hoof approaching from above to trample them, she wore golden *prana*, crossed her arms and received it head-on.
A dazzling weight and impact!
Satsuki exerted 「High Durability」 fully, endured it and pulled through it.
Immediately, Manako came to support her and drove a hard-hitting-like slashing attack into the golem’s head, shaking the balance of its upper body.
– Take… thiiiiiiiiiiiiiis!
Without a moment’s delay, Satsuki jumped up on the hoof from below and made the ice golem fall down.
Excitement and cheers broke out.
– You came, Souya! Ranjou!
Tsugihara and the others got excited.
– It’s too soon to be delighted, you dunces!
Along with Tokiko’s angry words, six additional 「Incinerate」 went after the fallen golem.
As the demon vice-captain said. Satsuki didn’t take her eyes off the golem.
The ice golem stood up while burning, looking as if it ignored the fire support.
As she stared at its lion’s face, Satsuki took the ID Tag out of the breast pocket.
The name carved into it was that of Moroha.
When she sent off her beloved older brother to America, they exchanged their ID Tags with each other.
(I’m holding on to Nii-sama’s name)
Having an unsightly fight was unacceptable.
– Come, Arciel!
She manifested her dear sword from the ID Tag and slashed at the fighting spirit in her chest.
Shizuno overlooked the battle with the ice golem from behind on the battlefield.
Satsuki, owner of a toughness that Moroha praised, stayed in front of the enemy, and thanks to that, the front line became stable.
Furthermore, Manako was of great help too. The enemy’s main attack method was the large, sturdy and broad blades on both arms, but she lured them by taking turns with Satsuki. No matter what kind of strong attack

came, she, who was a 「Clairvoyance」 expert, avoided them with minimal movement and dealt strong counterattacks. With no faults as a *Shirogane* and all the necessary abilities put together at a perfect level, her fighting style was always stable.
In addition, Tanaka, who participated in the battle, was showing results too. He fussily went around the ice golem and devoted himself to support Satsuki and Manako so that the two large, sturdy and broad blades didn't just concentrate on them.
As long as the front line didn't collapse, the attack power of Tsugihara and Makibayashi would come to life too.
Shizuno, who was able to be relieved and observed this for the time being, meditated as she hit the ground with the staff she manifested.
She concluded that she should look for the identity of the enemy.

– Normally, golems can only be the guard of their master, no?
She confirmed the anomaly of this ice golem, which was fighting independently, with Kurai, the teacher with a scholarly turn of mind who was nearby.
He, who was poor at battles, was taking a rest because the teacher of 2-4 also participated in the fire support.
– Yes, other than that, it's a useless function, so why taking the trouble to do so?
While nodding, Shizuno stared at her staff.
When she thought of trying to add an extra function to the golem creation, doing an extensive research was indispensable. It was more efficient to spend the research time on 「Researching to improve guard abilities even more」.
– However, the golems made by the French 「Cradle of the Sun」 have the function to act independently at the order of their master. Since they have the wisdom and deep knowledge that they have accumulated over hundreds of years—and this is my personal opinion—with the materials that exist in this world, there's a limit to the strength of the golems that can be made, which makes me think if the direction of adding other uses was the only way they got to be evolved*.
*TN: World is the furigana reading for Earth.
Kurai explained in a scholarly way.
However, the opinion that Shizuno wanted wasn't that.
– Do you think that is a golem of 「Cradle of the Sun」?
– … I wouldn't say the possibility is zero.
Kurai spoke ambiguously.
Shizuno couldn't draw a conclusion either.
The quickest explanation was to think that 「Cradle of the Sun」 made it.
However, it would mean that they were probably conspiring with the Six Wings.
It would be a big problem if it was true.
Based on Charles' personality and the loyalty of 「Les Élements」they came to experience even if a little, it wasn't possible that they would lend them a hand… but….
– Supposing it was created by 「Cradle of the Sun」, a big point of uncertainty surges.
As if half-speaking to himself, Kurai muttered.
– The question is who the creator of this thing is. This ice golem is too strong. No matter how many 「Incinerate」 it receives, they don't do anything to it… it's in another league compared to the slime golem we

captured. To make a golem that is far more powerful than the golem that 【Le Liquide】, the best pupil among the best pupils of 【Cradle of the Sun】, made by making full use of secret techniques…. Just who can do such a thing?
He asked himself rather than letting Shizuno hear his talk, his tone gradually showing signs of incoherent muttering.
There was no one that could answer that question all of a sudden——
– Ufufuh. The correct answer is M E.
A voice answered.
Moreover, it was from the sky.
Shizuno hadn't looked there, but she got surprised and looked up.
There was a bird circling in the air as if dancing soundlessly.
A very strange bird whose whole body was made of silver and had a disproportionately large mirror on its body instead of a head.
Probably this was a golem too. A *familiar golem* that served the function of a familiar.
The reason: there was a girl reflected in that mirror.
Her age was around 12 or 13 years old?
White hair. White dress. The white color of her skin that lacked vitality like a doll. Moreover, she wore long, white gloves.
Only the color of her pupils was blue, which peeked at her with a lot of childishness.
It was as if she was sitting down in front of an organ, waving her hands towards her, broadcast with a TV camera from a bit afar; such was the image in the mirror.
– Nice to meet you. People from Akane Academy. My name is Louise Saint-Germain. I'm a member of the Six Wings.
The girl in the mirror introduced herself using fluent Japanese.
Kurai, who heard her,
– Louise… Saint… Germain…? Impossible….
He opened his eyes wide in astonishment as he made his whole-body tremble.
Shizuno had heard a name like that too.
The 9th generation of Paris Saint-Germain.
In short, she was the PSG two generations before Charles.
– If you're alive, your age should be over 100 years old, right?
Kurai criticized the girl in the mirror.
– Whether it's true or not, you'll just believe what you want——
The girl who introduced herself as Louise warded it off with a calm smile.
A mature face that didn't match her age.
– ——Who can make a golem like this other than the "Legitimacy of the Heretic Magician"?
As soon as she pointed at the ice golem from the mirror full of childishness.
Kurai got lost for words, probably because he felt that her words proved the truth above all else.

– Hey. Don’t say something that only you can understand!
Tokiko’s dissatisfied voice came there.
Feeling that this was her chance to know the identity of the enemy, she temporarily entrusted the command of the *Kuroma* unit to Doujima and asked.
– This girl—the 9th generation PSG is a rare golem user and a scary monster.
Kurai began his scholarly-oriented explanation again.
– In the first place, if you do a little research on 【Cradle of the Sun】, you’ll see how remarkable the first PSG was. That man, during his lifetime, laid the foundation for the structure, intelligence and technical system of 【Cradle of the Sun】. In particular, no one other than the 1st generation devised a secret formula for making golems using only materials of this world. Not even the Russian Lightning Empress or Haimura-kun can achieve so.
– Ufufuh, that’s correct. Since there are no magic beasts or cursed bugs, nor do magic stones or eerie trees exist, it’s difficult to make golems.
The girl in the mirror threw in an interjection as if jesting.
– And Louise is celebrated as the return of the 1st generation and is a genius who made progress in golem research for a long time with regards to 【Cradle of the Sun】. The best generation. If you ask me, I think the nickname “The Legitimacy of the Heretic Magician” does suit her. Charles, the **strongest** generation, who focused too much on the pursuit of combat techniques, should be called “The Heresy of the Heretic Magician”.
*TN: Both Louise and Charles are the furigana reading for 9th and 11th generation respectively.
Kurai swallowed saliva,
– However, as the head of the organization, there’s no doubt Charles is PSG.
… Louise didn’t care about her surroundings if it was for the sake of golem research. She didn’t think of her subordinates as subordinates. They talked about her behind her back, saying that her sense of ethics still fell short in the dark world of magic. Therefore, I got to hear that she was defeated by Guy, the 10th generation!
– Ufufuh, that’s correct. Even though I raised him personally, humans, unlike golems, betray their masters.
The girl in the mirror laughed off the gruesome past as if she was talking about the heavy rain that fell yesterday.
– But it was convenient for me. It was a time when I felt more troublesomeness than benefit when I was a PSG. By pretending I was defeated, I disappeared and became free. Six years ago, after researching as I pleased while traveling freely—I finally came across the **best material**.
Do you know what it is? Louise asked innocently.
Kurai couldn’t answer immediately.
He desperately folded his arms with a desperate look; he was lost in deep thought.

So, instead of him, Shizuno replied.
The hint was that time, “six years ago”. Namely,
– The 『Metaphysical』….
– Correct! Onee-san!
Louise praised her with enthusiastic applause.
– No matter how many times I repeated research on this planet where there are no magic beasts, magic stones, eerie trees or cursed bugs, I was frustrated because I could only make golems that were far poorer than the ones I made in my previous life, then it appeared in front of me, the material of my dreams! And that is the 『Metaphysical』!
Getting excited, enthusiastic and forgetting to breathe, she pointed again at the ice golem from the mirror,
– I wonder who can make such a golem other than me!*
*TN: Me is the furigana reading for “Legitimacy of the Heretic Magician”.
She boasted in a loud voice.
As if showing off a rare item made by a young child in a game.
The essence of the talkativeness of this girl-shaped witch, who was fluently talking about things that didn’t need to be said for some time, seemed to be a childishness that said 『I want to brag』.
– Now, you shall play with me and my doll!
Louise, who was in the mirror, threw her ten fingers violently against the keyboard.
As if that was a trigger, the ice golem suddenly bent its limbs.
It leapt.
The heavy giant soared in the sky for many meters.
It jumped over the front line of the shocked Satsuki and the *Shirogane* unit and landed right in front of Shizuno and the *Kuroma* unit.
In front of Shizuno and the others whose physical abilities, reflexes and martial arts were all the same as ordinary people, it raised the thick, large, sturdy and broad blades attached to both arms overhead.
Satsuki and the others returned in panic, but they weren’t fast enough to make it in time.
The ice golem swinging down the two evil blades was faster than them.
But it was faster for the staff in Shizuno’s hands to change shape.
A big snake made of ice, freezing air and crystal—
Or a magic beast that should be called a dragon appeared, holding both arms of the golem with its fangs and claws, protecting Shizuno, its master.
– Well done, Nargravitz.
It was a masterpiece that existed on the planet where the witch of the realm of the dead lived, where she captured a mythical ice dragon with Shu Saura and used it as a material.
A rank different from the golems made by 『Les Élements』.
It was no inferior to the golems made using 『Metaphysicals』.
It threw its tough tail against the centaur, which was the pride of Louise, and restricted its movements with a shock.

It only had the function of protecting its master, but if that was all, it was enough.
The offense was its master’s responsibility.
– Write──
Shizuno chanted as if singing in a carefree voice.
There is purgatory in the realm of the dead There are burning fields on earth
Flames become equal, burning good, evil, chaos and everything to exhaustion A purifying intense mercy
Everyone Dies and returns to skull
God abandoned people
The world of decadence is not over The trumpets are blown The hour of judgment has come

The 5th Rank Dark Art of Flames, 【Black Gehenna】.
A jet-black hellfire erupted from the ground and incinerated the centaur from its feet.
The huge body made of ice sweated intensely, and as soon as it melted, it literally dropped like a waterfall.
It evaporated by the time it fell to the ground.
Its volume decreased in a twinkle, and eventually it was burned to nothing without leaving any trace.
– Ara? Dark Arts of Flames are not my specialty though.
Turning towards Louise in the mirror, Shizuno said nonchalantly.
Having her doll, her pride messed up, the girl watched attentively with evil feelings, wondering what face she should make.
– Ufuh, you did it, Onee-san.
As expected, Louise warded it off with a composed smile.
– The *mana*, spelling speed and stability are good, I don’t think anyone in 【Cradle of the Sun】 is at Onee-san’s level.
She wasn’t acting.
It was a real composure.
Shizuno suddenly felt shivers.
However, Tokiko and Satsuki didn’t seem to feel it,
– Hah! Don’t make excuses.
– She’s right, she’s right! You better go home and cry!
They mocked her in a vulgar jeering.
And as if to pour salt on the wound, Tokiko,
– You have quite the nerve to talk big! When I wondered if no 【Metaphysical】 was used as a material, and how strong it was, it disappeared with a single 【Black Gehenna】? Hahah, a shabbiness that doesn’t even reach the feet of the 【Metaphysical】. What a waste of material. The sacrificed 【Metaphysical】should be crying in its grave by now.

– I haven’t sacrificed anything, Akira-kun would get mad at me. After all, I’m controlling myself, I just plucked them from the bodies of 【Metaphysicals】, filched them, gathered them and used them as materials. And yet, I can make a golem that is about one-fifth as strong as a 【Metaphysical】, so you should praise me, you know?
– No matter the circumstances, your golems won’t stop being shit, you loli hag! In these 100 years until you altered your appearance to look that young, I congratulate you for working hard to get a shitty appearance! It was fun but you can go home now. We’re busy.
Tokiko continued cursing at her like an unstoppable machine gun.
Louise, appearing to be incredibly offended by her,
– Fine, I’ve had enough. Please have fun with my dolls you called shit and ascertain how wonderful they are.
She told her with a sullen look like a child whose toys were ridiculed.
And──
– Everyone! Above!
Suddenly, they heard Tanaka’s warning.
When Shizuno was lured too and looked up, there was a terrifying shadow on the roof of the third martial arts stadium.
A golem with the lower body of a large spider made of steel and the upper body of a praying mantis-woman.
– There’s one here too!
Manako’s warning flew.
When she looked there again, a golem with the lower body of a rhinoceros and the upper body of a crocodile-man appeared from behind the first school building.
– Over there too….
Takenaka’s crying voice.
– Behind too… are you kidding me…?
Satsuki’s groan.
– And another one… we’re surrounded….
Doujima’s powerless voice.
Where were they lurking──
Shizuno and the others were now surrounded by 7 golems.
All of them gave the feeling of being the same “rank” as the ice golem.
Moreover, unlike the ice golem, which seemed to be very weak to fire and was actually weak, these things had no characteristics that could be their weak points. It was unlikely that they would repel them with a single large magic shot.
– Hmm. Since quality didn’t work, she went with quantity? That sounds like a very poor idea.
Tokiko was stubborn and strong, but it was clear that strength had left her voice.
Louise laughed in a high-pitched tone as if feeling relieved,

– I announce! Our discussion came to the conclusion that Akane Academy will be destroyed today. And for that, I brought lots and lots of dolls I'm proud of. Now, let's play. Let's play together. Let's play until you return to your homes*.
*TN: Our is the furigana reading for Six Wings and your homes is the furigana reading for the world of the dead.
She jeered elatedly.
And quite sadistically.
– … What a fun invitation.
Even Shizuno couldn't help but turn pale in this situation.
She searched for the enemy's identity and thought about what kind of practitioner was lurking behind the scenes and what she should be prepared for. However, and as one would expect, this was beyond the category of prediction.
It was beyond common sense.
The more powerful a golem was, the more it needed its master's *mana* in order to keep moving.
Even if there was one Nargravitz existing already, if she concentrated only on the supply of *mana* and didn't use any other Dark Art, it was possible to maintain the amount of Shizuno's *mana*.
However, having three of them was beyond impossible. Even if it was swung invertedly, *mana* wouldn't be enough, the supply to preserve them wouldn't catch up with them, and as a result, all three would return to the appearance of a staff.
Even though Shizuno, who had been confident in her amount of *mana* since her previous life, had potential, Louise was manipulating seven golems comparable to Nargravitz all at once.
How much *mana* did she have…?
At "Tír na nÓg", Louise began her musical performance by herself.
A funeral march for the pathetic students and teachers of Akane Academy.
Originally, organs and pianos started with the teachings of the 8th generation who took care of her and raised her.
Louise lacked ability by nature.
That was a weakness that she had since her previous life.
Thanks to that, she could only spell inefficiently, even 1st Rank Dark Arts.
If she hurried, she failed immediately.
If she engaged in a magic battle with a D-Rank 「Saviors」, and did it 100 times, she would lose 100 times.
It was musical performance that overcame that lack of ability, and now that she had been doing it for 100 years, she became quite skillful.
However, spelling was still beyond her reach. Why?
A lack of ability one could only think of as being cursed.
But Louise didn't care that much.
Because it didn't matter how long it took to make a golem.

Because working slowly and carefully and earnestly and taking her time and effort to make them one by one suited her nature.
Besides, heaven didn't bestow dexterity on Louise, but bestowed a substitute talent on her.
An outstanding amount of *mana*.
So much that she was confident she could defeat even the Russian "Lightning Empress".
It was another reason why she was extolled as the return of the 1st generation PSG in regards to the 「Cradle of the Sun」.
– Form a circle around the *Kuroma* unit!
The vice-captain, who had finally regained her usual spirits, ordered with an angry voice.
Satsuki reflexively took position.
Manako was on her right and Nargravitz on her left.
Checking the distance between each other, she felt a heavy anxiety.
The line of defense was too thin.
As expected, forming a circle with only 9 *Shiroganes* (plus Shizuno's golem) was impossible.
On the contrary, the number of *Kuromas* that had to be protected was seven, it was a bit too much.
– I was right, we should have withdrawn to the martial arts stadium!
Takenaka said something deplorable, being on the verge of tears.
In fact, once surrounded, they could no longer rush into the martial arts stadium. The injured ones couldn't be taken in.
They had to prepare themselves for the worst.
– Ugh, you shitbrain! So weak!
Tokiko kicked Takenaka's ass down.
– Your way of thinking is the opposite! These Six Wings don't seem to know… that in this situation where we have the martial arts stadium and everyone is hiding there, Akane Academy will never be destroyed. Even if several of us were to fall, it won't be the end of Akane Academy. In other words, by defeating us, there will be nothing to lose!
And recited the significance of fighting in an even louder voice.
When listening carefully to it, it was close to sophistry, but in times of emergency, it felt persuasive.
– Those who have an objection, say it! Those who want to voice a complaint, say it while you can! I'll kick your ass! However, if we survive, I'll let everyone suck my breasts as a reward!
Finally, Tokiko greatly encouraged her allies with a blasting bet typical of her.
Satsuki bent her mouth into the shape of the kana 「,
– I don't need a reward like that, but….
– If the teachers suck them, they'll receive a disciplinary discharge….
Everyone who tried laughing at Tanaka's joke failed.

The pressure of the golems closing the encirclement slowly made their mouths tense.
– Haimura-kuun… please come help us soon….
Takenaka prepared a Dark Art while crying mentally worn-out.
Upon hearing that, Satsuki,
– It’s okay, we’ll protect everyone!
She shouted reflexively while staring at the golem in front of her.
After she shouted, the words that would follow next didn’t come out, even she was surprised.
The words that Satsuki tried to say were 「I’ll take Nii-sama’s place until he returns」.
The words she said so many times before.
But now, she felt this was different.
That was why she swallowed her words.
The voice of Leshya during the lunch break revived in her mind.
―However, you also have good friends, no?
―I’d like you to put your hand on your chest and think “Is this school really worthless?”.
So she said her words in a different way.
– I’ll definitely protect you!
When she finished saying it, she felt the eyes of everyone gathering on her back.
To be honest, it was heavy. It was too soon for her.
Even so, since she said that, she would try carrying them on her back.
– *Ahem*.
And Shizuno’s cough from behind.
As if she criticized her with 「Don’t go all out by yourself, Satsuki, that’s not kind」.
She felt that her back became a little lighter.
– You said it well, Ranjou. I don’t hate those who can speak boastfully at times like this.
Tokiko had a hearty laugh, then took a breath and yelled loudly.
– Start the assault! Don’t let the encirclement shrink anymore!
「「「We are the “Saviors”!」」」
Under the order of the Demon Vice-Captain, Satsuki got motivated and challenged the mantis golem.

Chapter 4: S-Rank 【Demons】

For Maya, the principal's office was a place as intimate as a living room where she spent most of her day.
But now, the air in there was tense.
Maya pushed the guest table and sofa to the corner of the room.
Especially the sofa, it was a luxury, bulky and heavy article, so it was very tough for her.
She pushed it with her shoulders and moved it to the corner with all her might.
The atmosphere was getting more and more dense with the unpleasant noise of heavy objects being dragged and the floor being scratched.
A certain amount of free space was necessary to open Mari's 【Transportal】.
Both the table and the sofa were in the way.
Under normal circumstances, she didn't have to do this, she drew the magic circle in the schoolyard, but there was a reason why she couldn't do that.
From a distance, the sounds of endless battles could be heard.
Every time there was a noticeably loud sound, Maya was about to cower with fright.
The battle would only intensify. Without being able to contact anyone anymore, she couldn't grasp what part of the school had become a battlefield and where the danger was.
Therefore, she wanted to avoid going out to the schoolyard imprudently and stand out.
【Transportal】 was a 6th Rank Dark Art.
It was a great magic that took a few minutes to complete, even for the A-Rank Mari.
If she was attacked while spelling it, it would be devastating.
As long as Moroha could be summoned back, no matter what enemy attacked, it would be Akane Academy's victory, so she wasn't going to take even a small risk.
She knew that being inside Maya's mystical barrier was the safest, but since there were Dark Arts that acted on each other's space, they would end up colliding and rampaging. It was impossible not to get impatient.
Considering all those problems, the situation was such that she had no choice but to open the gate in the principal's office.
– Are you ready, Haimura-kun?

Mari, who had been in contact with New York via her smartphone, exchanged looks with Maya.
– We're all set here too nanodesu.
Maya, who finished putting the furnishings in order, went to Mari who stood beside the office desk and hugged her waist.
She extended her hand and used Mari's laptop.
They had received an e-mail from New York main office, an image of the main office's backyard was attached to it.
□Transportal□ could not set up a gate unless she clearly thought of the scene where it would be open.
Since Moroha was waiting near it, it was an instruction from New York which said "open it here".
Mari put the pointy hat on her head again, held her breath and concentrated.
With eyes half-closed, she stared at the very distant scene on the other.
Even if Maya clung tighter and gather around her, she **started working** without noticing it.
– Write──
Then she made her fingertip crawl into the empty sky and began spelling.
It was as if the air had changed in an instant.
Rather than being impressively tense, it tightened dignifiedly.
Maya had the illusion that silence had come and that the sound of the battle was somewhere far away.
– I miss my home I long for home──
The first line of the spell was assembled out of Mari's mouth.
– Far In that direction Very far In that direction Thousands, And thousands of kilometers, In the distance, My hometown──
Then the second line.
Her voice was so beautiful that she almost forgot the situation, listening attentively to her.
– An old place, that these hands cannot reach──
She slowly spent time on it and carefully and accurately assembled the magic words and spelling.
– I resort to deep-rooted delusions I resort to hatred──
She entered the fourth line without delay.
Mari's consciousness was sharpened and the spelling accelerated from there.
– With these feelings, please connect the long distances──
Fifth line. It was almost completed.
Moroha would come back.
Maya made her eyes shine with joy and relief.
She held her breath and watched attentively the moment when the magic circle of transfer appeared in the space she created with utmost effort.
No, she tried to watch attentively──and something unexpected came into view.

The strongly-built oak door.
It was suddenly ripped off and fell towards them.
A heavy and heart-wrenching sound echoed in the principal's office.
She noticed late that the lock and hinges had been burned off.
A man stood in front of the principal's office.
A quiet young man with thin-framed glasses.
However, the thinness of the air he gave off didn't feel like that.
It wasn't like he was elated or anything, rather, he had a calm demeanor, and yet, his magnificence as he walked into the room created an appearance as if it was the triumphal return of a king.
– Akira-onii-san….
Maya let out a shrilling voice.
Was it out of surprise or fear? With an urge that she herself couldn't understand, she clung to Mari with all her strength.
The name of the man was Shiba Akira.
He was a former Akane Academy student, a *Strikers'* team member who fought side by side with Mari and a gentle person who, despite being clumsy, also doted on Maya──
Now, he was a 「Demon」 who had his name entered in Six Wings.
– We haven't talked satisfactorily lately, but it has been… a while.
As if whispering, Shiba said in a nostalgic tone that hadn't change at all since the old days.
Upon hearing that, Maya's body stopped being stiffened.
It didn't matter if he wasn't a 「Savior」 or if he became a 「Demon」, this person was the Onii-san she knew very well, therefore, because there was nothing to be afraid of, her body grew weak.
In an instant.
The fingertip of Mari, which was writing letters in the air, burst into flames.
– Aggh….
Mari reflexively clutched her fingertip and crouched.
Her concentration was interrupted, and the six-line phrase written in the air, which was on the verge of being complete, dispersed.
She failed to open the 「Transportal」….
– Are you okay nanodesu!?
Maya became confused and examined Mari's condition.
The flame went out in an instant, but the burn was severe.
With this, spelling got very difficult.
– It's been four… years? Maya-kun has grown up. And Mari-kun became beautiful.
Having done an action like this, Shiba greeted without forging a smile.
The devil.
These two words came to Maya's mind, and trembled with fear.
– What did Shiba-kun, who sold his soul and became the possession of the devil itself, came to do?
Mari bravely glanced at him while sweating in distress.

– Both the first words you say to your comrade in arms you meet for the first time in a long time and you are **as severe as… usual**.
– I can’t afford to treat you kindly now. If you wait silently until I summon Haimura-kun back, I’ll accompany you and talk with you as much as you want. I’ll serve you delicious tea too. After all, I have a lot of things to ask you.
– That is an impossible… proposition.
– So we have no choice but to fight, right?
Mari tried to laugh fearlessly.
She had to bluff. From Maya’s point of view, it was really easy to understand.
However, she truly respected the strength of Mari-onee-chan who put on a bold front.
– I didn’t come here to… fight.
Shiba smiled weakly for the first time.
Maya was no longer moved by him.
She glared at him with stern eyes, wondering what his evil reason was.
As Shiba wore that faint smile,
– I want to invite Mari-kun to my humble abode. Which means I came to… invite her.
He said such a terrifying thing without hesitation.
– I won’t give you Mari-onee-chan desu!
Maya became terrified and raised her voice.
Shiba didn’t answer anything.
He only stood still detachedly.
The one who replied in place of him was—in the end, a fondly-remembered face.
– I’m sorry, Maaya. It’s already decided, there’s no use fighting back.
A woman with a vague facial expression appeared all of a sudden from the doorway that was ripped off.
– Even Nelly-onee-san!?
– Yes, it’s me, Nelly-onee-san. Long time no see?
Shiroi Usako, also known as Nelly, continued to make elusive comments.
– Marishiten, Nelly-onee-san will take you.
She suddenly started to run with 【Godlike Movement】 and attacked at an unnoticeable speed.
The Kuromas Maya and Mari couldn’t deal with this speed.
That was why Mari’s pointy hat rose sharply and a black shape hidden inside of it jumped out.
It was like a small oni, just like a dwarf.
It opened its mouth, took a deep breath and magically made its volume explode in an instant.
It transformed into a 5.4m (17,7 ft) giant oni and stood in in front of Usako’s way
It was a golem that protected Mari, which she called Spriggan*.

*TN: Spriggan is the furigana reading for “small oni under the hat”.
Because it was a golem, it jumped out on its own and without any command,
Because it jumped out, Shiba burned it to nothing with a single blow.
However, because it was in front of the world’s strongest 【Mars】 user, it was a natural result.
With the hindrance gone, Usako stood calmly in front of Mari and drove 【Saturn】 into her with an 【Eih】.
Mari tried to fight against the consciousness-mowing Five Stars technique, but as one would expect, a guard-less *Kuroma* couldn’t defeat a *Shirogane*.
She fainted and was held by Usako.
Her pointy hat gently fell to the floor.
Maya had no time to stop her,
– I won’t let you go desu!
She tried to jump at her and grapple her, but that was an afterimage of Usako.
The real one had already turned back and was next to Shiba, and both of them were about to leave the principal’s office.
Maya, whose tackle was dodged, collided with the office desk due to too much momentum.
Pain and frustration blurred her vision.
– Goodbye, Maya-kun. We won’t meet… again.
– Bye-bye. Take care. I’ll look after her, so Marishiten will be fine.
Leaving those words with her, the figures of Shiba and Usako vanished completely.
They appeared unnoticed and left in the blink of an eye.
A lifeless wind blew in from the doorway that remained wide open.
The broken and ripped off door lay down silently.
Maya could do nothing but sit down hard right where she was.
The shock of having her beloved Mari-onee-chan kidnapped by 【Demon】 and the despair or being unable to do anything made her unable to move.
Her eyes open, she just kept trembling and being amazed.
How long are you going to be like that? Spacing out?
Suddenly, she heard Mari’s call.
It was a complete illusion, a piece of reason that did no more than shouting a warning from the depths of Maya’s heart.
However, Maya clearly heard Mari’s call.
She nervously turned around while still sitting down hard on the floor.
There was the pointy hat that Mari had dropped.
Maya stared at it with quivering eyes for a moment,
– Maaya has no choice but to do it desu….
She stretched her trembling hand to the hat.
– Maaya has no choice but to take Onee-chan’s place desu….
She put on the hat and joined her hands as if to pray.
She took a deep breath and kept telling herself to stop trembling.
Then, she mustered the little courage she had,

– Write──
She made her fingertip crawl into the empty sky and started spelling certain magical characters.
– I miss my home I long for home──
She slowly completed the first line with the chanting.
She was using Dark Arts for the first time.
She only relied on her memory.
She wrote the second line while strenuously remembering how Mari was doing it.
– Far In that direction Very far In that direction Thousands, And thousands of kilometers, In the distance, My hometown──
When it was about Mari, she always looked at her.
The whole time.
– An old place, that these hands cannot reach──
Because of that, if it was her, she could do it.
Even if this was Mari's 『The Origin』.
Believing that she could do it, she put into written form.
– I resort to deep-rooted delusions I resort to hatred──
A spelling with an unmatched accuracy was needed to complete the Dark Art.
And to imagine the image perfectly.
No one knew what kind of image Mari pictured in her head to complete 『Transportal』.
She didn't know, but Maya had no choice but to do it.
She tried to imitate Mari by remembering the expression and even the breathing of Mari while chanting, so she used her memory to the full and imagined it.
– With these feelings, please connect the long distances──
She had no choice but to imitate her.
There was no choice but to complete 『Transportal』.
To bring back Moroha──To get him run after Shiba.
To get him recover Mari-onee-chan.
And to get him to save Akane Academy.
– With this curse, please bend the separated world!
She finished spelling the last phrase.
She endured the trembling and waited.
She hoped that the magic circle of light would appear in the space that she had emptied with all her might.
She waited.
And waited.
And waited.
But… it didn't materialize at all.
The magic characters written in the air only dispersed ephemerally.
She had failed.
Was the spelling wrong, the image wrong, or both?

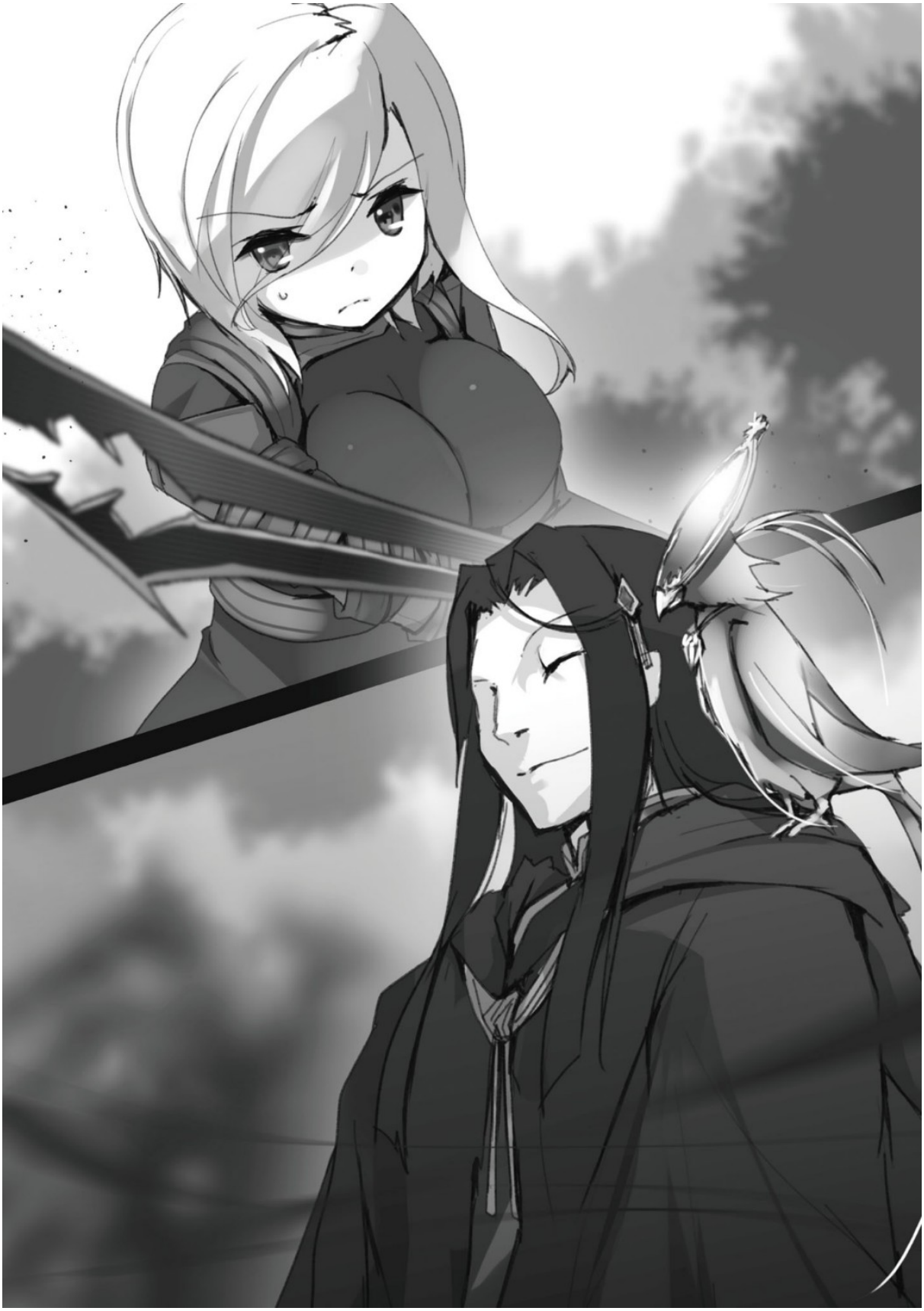
Tears were about to overflow.
She roughly wiped them with the sleeve of her clothes.
– One more time… nanodesu….
Maya encouraged herself and started from the beginning with resolution.
But she failed.
Her back became rounded and was about to lose heart.
– One more time… nanodesu….
She started from the beginning.
But she failed.
– One more time… nanodesu….
She started from the beginning.
– One more time… nanodesu….
She started from the beginning.
– One more time… nanodesu….
– One more time… nanodesu….
– One more time… nanodesu….
—They were worn out words, but the reality was cruel.
Yes, the more they were worn out, the more it became the truth.
The miracle that allowed her to learn another person’s 「The Origin」 all of a sudden never happened.
In the end, Maya’s 「Transportal」 was never completed.
She continued spelling for a long time like a broken toy while being unable to summon Moroha back.
She continued wasting effort while crying.

On one hand, the Moroha Summoning Operation by means of 「Transportal」 had failed—

But a reinforcement that should be called another trump card was running towards Akane Academy.
The SvS battle expert, formerly known as “Man-eater”.
Needless to point out, it was Leshya.
She returned by using all her power and 【Godlike Movement】 from the special training ground for mountain warfare simulation in the mountains 30 kilometers (18 miles) away from the school.
It was an emergency, so she was notified that she didn’t need to avoid being seen. Without being concerned about it, she roared down the highway, jumped from roof to roof of residential complexes and the hills cutting across animal trails without detouring.
Six people accompanied her.
They were regular members of *Strikers*—Nosada, Taketsuru and Kamekichi who was carried on Taketsuru’s back.
As well as the three class teachers who were practicing mountain warfare.
Leshya and Taketsuru were going first due to the difference in proficiency of 【Godlike Movement】 which wasn’t simply determined by rank.
– A bit more. Let’s put on a last spurt!
Taketsuru, who shouldered the most burdensome person on his back, shouted to encourage them.
– Takie-senpai, that was so cool! Aside from me, you look like the hero of a story――!
Kamekichi let out a strange voice on his back, swinging the saber he carried around recently like a chemical light. The ones around him smiled wryly.
About 5 kilometers to (3.1 miles) Akane Academy.
In this area, on the hillside of a conspicuously wide and slightly elevated mountain, the field of vision of all the people who weaved their way through the valley and plunged forward as if taking a shortcut left the thicket and became clear all at once.
Although it was still far ahead, they could see the trapezoidal mountain where Akane Academy was located.
All present who kept running accelerated their steps.
Among them, only Leshya looked ahead with even colder eyes and ran silently,
(Hurry… hurry… hurry… hurry… hurry…!)
In her heart, she battled against constant impatience, and was welling up with passionate feelings of wanting to rush to where everyone was.
Everyone had the same feelings.
However, as if to make fun of that—a man who suddenly appeared crossed and blocked their way in a jesting manner of walking.

Someone who suddenly stood in the narrow path of the valley.
He wore tattered clothes all the way up to his head, without revealing his true identity.
Moreover, a silver statue of a bird who had a mirror instead of a head was placed on his shoulder.
Taketsuru and the others looked at each other, confused.
– Hey, the commoner over there! If you don't hurry up, you'll be hit by a truck, you know?
Kamekichi issued a warning thoughtlessly.
No one except Leshya noticed.
Despite witnessing every single move of the man, her whole skin showed signs of having goosebumps.
His behavior seemed to tell that he was jesting and fooling round, and that he had no weak spots.
The movement of a warrior backed by endless training.
By the time she saw it, Leshya's body already reacted on its own.
She pulled out the ID Tag, manifested Leprazan and at the same time switched 「On」 the ability of the cursed sword.
The sword blade devoured all the surrounding *prana* and all the legs which ran using 「Godlike Movement」 stopped.
The strange bird perched on the man's shoulder barely ran away by flying in great haste like a living thing.
– What happened, so suddenly?
Taketsuru seemed to be suspicious, but Leshya had no time to deal with him.
She thrust the point of the sword at that man in tattered clothes,
– I remember… all of those… clown-like movements…
No, she couldn't forget even if she wanted.
This memory carved into her chest with deep regret.
Leshya demanded an explanation in a loud voice.
– What do you want from us, Lu Zhixin!?
A cold gust of wind blew through the valley as if to respond to that shout.
In response to the gust of wind, the part of the tattered clothes on the head jumped back and the man's face was revealed.
An Asian man whose eyes were as thin as a thread.
– T-this guy!?
– The Chinese Division Deputy Head…?
– For re—al? Why is a VIP in a place like this!? And I said commoner!? Sorry!
Because it was their first time seeing the real one, Taketsuru and the others were trembling.
Zhixin shrugged his shoulders with a playful attitude once,
– I am the former Chinese Division Deputy Head. I am ashamed to say that now I am part of the Six Wings.
He folded his arms with hypocritical courtesy.

– Gyahii──. Why is such a VIP a terrorist!?
Kamekichi trembled violently upon hearing that and Taketsuru and the others got more and more confused.
An unpleasant air.
– Leshya looked at everyone,
– Leave this to me, I want everyone to hurry to Akane Academy.
She asserted sharply to encourage them.
– W-what are you saying, Elena!?
– T-t-t-t-that’s r-r-r-right. I-i-if we leave a lady take care of him, we’ll lose o-our honor.
– I dare say I’m his only target.
– What a wonderful discernment. Now that Haimura-sama is not here, the biggest impediment to destroy Akane Academy is you, young lady, the “Man-eater”. This I have been ordered to be your opponent.
Zhixin smiled thoughtlessly.
A man as shrewd as usual.
– No matter how strong Leonard Van Percy is, he is not an S-Rank.
However, if this monster were to go to Akane Academy now that Moroha isn’t here… saying that it will become hell would be an understatement. It’s rather convenient for us to have him here. That’s why I’d like everyone to leave it to me and go.
– No, wait! Don’t decide on your own!
Taketsuru stopped Leshya as if to scold her.
– Neither of you can use 【Ancestral Arts】. But if this number of people comes at him all at once──
– You’ll be killed.
– … What?
– If you fight him with or without 【Ancestral Arts】, you all will be killed. The difference would be between being killed instantly or killed in seconds, no more than that.
Leshya also knew that Moroha respected Taketsuru and Kamekichi.
That was why there was no way she would let them be killed before her own eyes.
That was why she relied entirely on words.



She was worried about being able to persuade them herself who was clumsy with words, but,
– … Heh. Saying such a thing. … Indifferently… like that.
Because it seemed that something was transmitted properly, Taketsuru and the others were horrified and became pale.
– I want you to go. However, don't go through there. Never get close to him. I want you to go back the road we came from, take a detour and head to Akane Academy.
– … G-got it.
Taketsuru and the others nodded and retreated carefully while not taking their eyes off Zhixin.
On the other hand, Zhixin didn't pay attention to Taketsuru and company.
– It would be wonderful if you are not that cautious. I was not ordered to take care of the rest, nor am I a hardworking person to do things outside of my orders.
In a jesting tone and with an indirect expression, he declared that Leshya would be the only one who wouldn't escape.
She knew that, but when this man told her that deliberately, she felt a chill ran down her spine.
He was still smiling thoughtlessly, far away, not in a martial arts stance.
Of course, Leshya wasn't careless.
This Lu Zhixin was a master of Chinese martial arts.
Leshya didn't know anyone stronger than this man without □Ancestral Arts□.
She suffered a complete defeat when they fought last year.
Frustrated, she came to refine her sword skills much more.
But there was no way she would become an expert in a short amount of time.
(I'm still no match for this man…)
Even if she knew it, she had to protect herself with her own hands.
To put it bluntly, it was the worst situation.
However, there was only one condition that favored Leshya.
Last year, when they fought, Leshya had to defeat this man in order to rescue Moroha from the mansion of "the witch of the prison".
It was different now.
She could completely devote herself to defense.
At any rate, she just had to survive.
She just had to keep this man here until Moroha returned to Japan.
And she had a wish there.

Leshya made up her mind and kept staring at Zhixin, the point of the sword still turned towards him.
Her posture like that of an immovable statue so as to not make any weak spot.
She had to be patient so that she would never be crushed by the pressure emitted by the monster.
Very patient—

Chapter 5: The talent to reach our peak is given

Moroha was impatient in the backyard of the New York main office.
He called the principal Mari, she told her that 「Transportal」 would be open in a moment, the phone call ended and got no further words from her.
– … What, happened?
Sophia, who was standing next to him, was also feeling impatient.
She was also wearing her combat uniform and expected to rush there with him as soon as the gate opened.
Sophia wasn't the only one.
Lei, Mira, Norma and Chiki—the four musketeers of the American Division were also waiting in their combat uniforms.
When they heard that Akane Academy was in a perilous situation, they offered their assistance.
Moroha was about to bow his head,
– Quit it. It was Moroha-kun who helped us first. Or are you telling this to make us bow our heads more than you and walk on our hands?
The American Division Head Arlene said so.
She would stay here. It was natural, America's defenses couldn't afford to be too shorthanded.
Since four A-Rank *Shirogane* with excellent coordination would be coming, they were already more than enough reinforcements.
– The assailant is old bro Leonard, right? Immediately after things got peaceful. What is he thinking?
– Huh. We'll just knock him and make him speak.
– Hold on, everyone. It's not clear whether or not he's the real one, is it?
– If he was a fraud, then we'll just beat him to death more and more ☆.
The morale of the four musketeers was very high.
(I see… if only the gate was open now…)
Even with this much fighting power, if there was no way to go to Japan immediately, they would be all bark and no bite.
It would take a few minutes for Mari to complete 「Transportal」.
She might fail due to stress.
They shouldn't interrupt her or make her lose focus.
He thought so, but his patience was at its limit—and Moroha called Mari.
But she didn't answer the call.

It was absolutely strange. He should have noticed that something happened.
Moroha then tried dialing Maya's number.
He was not able to figure out who was around Mari in the call they had when making advance arrangements a short while ago. However, it was very likely that she was with Maya.
Angel-chan immediately answered the phone.
– Morohaa…
In a voice that he knew that she was crying.
– What happened?
He asked in a soft voice so as to not make her be nervous any longer.
– Mari-onee-chan has been kidnapped by Akira-onii-san desu….
The worst situation among those he could think of.
Even Moroha was lost for words, he came to feel like he had swallowed a stone.
– For that reason, Maaya will do her best desu…. Maya will open 「Transportal」 desu….
– Come again…? Don't be unreasonable, Maaya.
– That's why, keep waiting there nanodesu, Moroha….
– No! Listen to me and take refuge in the martial arts stadium!
Moroha shouted unconsciously, but Maya ended up hanging up.
He called her again, but she no longer answered the call.
Cornered, and at a loss, Maya had lost her normal judgment.
Her relative was kidnapped. It was absurd for her to be calm.
(That bastard…)
Moroha grinded his teeth out of anger, imagining the faint smile of the devil of flames in his mind.
– What's happening?
He gave a brief explanation to Sophia and everyone else who were listening with concern.
Everyone was as a lost for words just like Moroha.
After thinking for a moment, Moroha,
– Is there a case where a person was able to use someone's 「The Origin」?
– For example, like that time between you and Lightning Empress?
– When someone ends up using it, it's no longer 「The Origin」, but….
Arlene and Mira answered from the left and right.
「Thunderstorm Helix」, the 8th Rank Dark Art Technique used by Lightning Empress Vasilisa, was once acknowledged as The Origin by the White Knight Organization.
However, after Moroha also used it against Bernard in Russia, it was no longer acknowledged as such.
Similarly, the 9th Rank「Thunderbolt Dragon」, which was being hidden by Vasilisa, was also temporarily recognized afterwards, but it was no longer the case due to Moroha using it when defeating 「Stronghold」.
What both cases had in common was that both 「Thunderstorm Helix」 and 「Thunderbolt Dragon」 were Dark Arts that Shu Saura had mastered*.

*TN: Shu Saura is the furigana reading for Moroha in his previous life.
He didn’t copy it or learn it when he saw Lightning Empress using it.
– I have never heard of a person who didn’t master someone’s 【The Origin】 in their previous life and could use it by learning by imitation.
I was right after all, said Moroha, and agreed with Mira’s words.
For example, even if he thought that he could use 【Transportal】 if he persevered, it was as if the mental image never appeared.
Maya told him to wait there, but he couldn’t help but conclude that he had little hope.
– … We need another way to go home.
Moroha turned toward Arlene.
– Can you lend me Lambda?
He earnestly and seriously made an unreasonable request.
Lambda was one of “Arsenal” Arlene’s inventions, an ultra, hyper, extreme sonic assault craft that carried a large number of people and flew at Mach 6.
So to speak, it was the lifeline itself of the American Division—it immediately transported Arlene, the trump card, when a 【Metaphysical】 appeared in a somewhat vast territory.
No, she can’t borrow it.
He purposely ignored that and asked.
There was no time to hesitate.
It was a little less than 11,000 kilometers (6835 miles) from New York to Tokyo. Even by Lambda, it would take an hour and a half.
– Because it’s none other than Moroha’s request, I very much want to lend it to you, but….
Arlene frowned and spoke ambiguously.
– There are other inconveniences…?
– Lambda flies using the spirits of the earth and the atmosphere as energy, but it was designed to transform energy by specializing in the spirits of the American Indians. If it’s not that, it won’t reach that speed….
– I didn’t understand you much… but in short, it can’t fly outside the United States?
– Frankly speaking, no.
– … Hawaii isn’t part of the United States?
– Sorry, it’s not a matter of quick wittedness.
Even Moroha knew it was a far-fetched argument.
First, even if it could fly to Hawaii, it was too far from there.
He had no choice but to discard the plan to return by Lambda.
Then, how should he get back…?
Moroha involuntarily turned to the western sky.
What is happening at Akane Academy right now—
Are Satsuki, Shizuno, Leshya and everyone at the school safe—
How fierce the deadly combat is—
He looked up at the sky without knowing anything.

He gazed at it with a stern look.
He kept staring at it with a sad look.
While chewing his own powerlessness.

Isurugi’s strong sword buzzed.
How was it, the intensity of the brilliance of the *prana* flashing on the sword blade?
A clear lightning yellow.
Haruka, who was looking from the side, could understand that it was **flashing** 20 to 30% more than usual.
In both sports and unarmed martial arts, it was often said that 「Practice is like the real thing and the real thing is like practice」, and Haruka herself was that saying, that teaching she liked very much.
However, when it came to the real thing in the world—she was envious of those who—the tougher the battle it got, the more they could improve their condition than when practicing.
Those were Moroha and Isurugi.
Every time the King of *Strikers* swung his sword down, a big crack was created in the ground despite not being touched.
The sharpened *prana* was able to do so just with the after-effect of 「Venus」.
What would happen to it if it was actually touched…?
The strong sword of Isurugi Jin was certainly incredible.
「Like I thought, if it hits me, I’ll be cut in two!」
Leonard also praised him.
It was amazing that he was able to praise his strong sword even though it was being pointed at him.
Certainly, Leonard’s defensive body movement was fast.
However, Isurugi’s way of using the sword was fast too.
「More than the British AJ! Like I thought, there’s always someone better than you in this world!」
Yes, stronger and faster.
The strong sword flashed like purple lightning, and immediately and without hesitation led to the next swordsmanship, and it flashed again.

Those connected attacks were unleashed without tiredness.
Leonard also made use of his way of walking and kept dodging to the left and right, and sometimes leaping and jumping, but it could be said that it was a succession of barely-accomplished dodges.
His clothes were already torn here and there by the after-effect of the slashes.
He wasn't concerned if he wasn't hit, but it wasn't that simple. It was so dangerous that Haruka, both an observer and the enemy, ended up feeling nervous.
If he could ward off the sword with his sword, he would be able to fight more safely, but the sword pressure of Isurugi was so tremendous that it was almost impossible for a weak speed-specialized fighter.
In such a situation that could only be called a predicament,
「I thought that if I attacked the school while *Haimura* was absent, it'd be too boring! Like I thought, I'm glad I came just to compete with you!」
This man named Leonard, who could be this happy, was strange.
He tore off the dimension called belligerence.
– Hyuu――
Isurugi took a strained-like breath and swung the sword down from above his head.
Probably because of his nature, he hadn't wasted his breath once since the battle started.
– 「I won't go easy on you! Here I go‼」
Leonard was bisected――he feigned so, created an afterimage, his real body slipped below the slash and attacked the unguarded torso of Isurugi with his right hand.
Probably because of his nature, he wasted his breath since the battle had started.
– Hng….
Isurugi appeared to have focused defensive *prana* on his torso right away.
Even though he suffered the attack of Leonard's sword, he just frowned and bled a little, and without caring about it, he swung his sword.
He mowed down the sword as if turning around and pursued Leonard who ran backwards while remaining on his guard.
Physical strength by means of 「Strength」 wasn't half-done, and the sword speed practically didn't drop even from such an unnatural stance.
However, Leonard also turned around just by letting an afterimage be cut off and let loose three consecutive thrusts at Isurugi's shoulders, abdomen and thighs.
It seemed that he had gotten rid of his aim about not concentrating defensive *prana* on one point, but the piercing force was dispersed three times, resulting in Isurugi not being hurt that much.
「Tahaah, Like I thought, I'm not getting through you!」
Leonard laughed happily like a mischievous failed child.

This also seemed to be because of his nature, after all, since the battle began, Leonard slashed at him many times, but even though Isurugi hadn’t been damaged satisfactorily, he didn’t feel down at all.
On the contrary, he himself didn’t lament that unfairness, even though it would end if he received one blow.
Haruka, for instance, always regretted her powerlessness and lack of attack power because she was specialized in speed….
「Hey, you should smile a little too! Even laugh! Being the only one doing so is, like I thought, embarrassing!」
Leonard truly enjoyed the thrill and exchange of swords.
Enviously.
– ….
On the other hand, Isurugi just kept swinging his sword at his own pace without moving at all.
She envied his mental strength.
「So only I’ll have fun? Since it’s going to be like this, like I thought, wouldn’t you say that’s cunning?」
Leonard used double 「Komon」 as the starting point of the attack and sprung at him from three sides: the front, left and right.
Isurugi didn’t move at all, and mowed down the sword in a great way.
With the strong sword that produced even after-effects, the two slashed at each other in one go.
However, this speculation didn’t land.
Leonard’s body, which wasn’t targeted, riposted and immediately dashed back.
He ran away to the point where the swordsmanship and after-effect of Isurugi, who slashed back regardless of the slight amount of blood he spouted, wouldn’t reach him.
Isurugi immediately dashed and went after him.
Leonard licked his lips, dashed and intercepted him.
Leonard’s body multiplied by three again just before he was bisected.
This time, and as if to not be mowed down by putting them all together, he spread out widely from the right diagonal, the left diagonal and the rear and thrust at him.
– Oooo….
Isurugi did a reverse intercept with 「Mars」.
The shape of his soul—namely, he shot lightning in all directions and tried to burn him down no matter where he came from.
「**Like I thought**, that’s coming!」
Leonard immediately interrupted the attack. He jumped back greatly and escaped from the attacking net of electric shock.
What a speed!
The speed of the earth alone couldn’t escape from purple lightning speed.
If he attacked like this, Isurugi might retaliate like this, and unless he made a prediction in advance, his current evasion speed wouldn’t make it.

Not long ago, Leonard said to Haruka that 「Unless we make our thoughts faster, we'll be inferior」, but this man had undoubtedly an outstanding thinking speed.
He was constantly fighting and reading two or three——multiple lines at the same time.
Leonard, who jumped back greatly, landed on the outer wall of the second school building.
He stood parallel to the ground while using 「Mongyoku」, the supernatural way of walking that turned everything into foothold.
Without a moment's delay, Isurugi went after him and ran up the wall using 「Mongyoku」.
– Ouh!
Catching up with him, Isurugi roared and thrust his strong sword at him from above.
Leonard lightly dodged that blow that forced everything to yield, ran up the sword blade as a foothold and kicked Isurugi's face.
It was a physical blow; it shouldn't be very powerful.
However, and probably because it was an unexpected surprise attack, 「High Durability」 wasn't up and a bruise appeared on Isurugi's face.
「Did you think it was a 「smart move」 just now, like I thought?」
「I have no idea」
「See? Like I thought, I got it right!」
Isurugi swung the sword with a force that didn't pay attention to particulars and Leonard made him slash only an afterimage and made fun of him.
Isurugi made a disgusted face and slashed back, and Leonard engaged him from three sides with a double 「Komon」.
Using the wall as if it was the ground, they crossed swords.
The neck of Haruka, who was looking up, started to hurt.
Unless she excelled in 「Godlike Movement」, she couldn't do the same.
In particular, the 「Godlike Movement」 of Leonard, who used 「Mongyoku」 and 「Komon」 at the same time, was in a different dimension.
– Nghh…!
Even with such foothold, Isurugi's strong sword became brighter and brighter and cracks ran in the outer wall instead of the ground.
Ruthless cracks were carved into the school building one after another, but it couldn't be helped in this emergency.
And——a big crack ran in the outer wall.
The surrounding cracks and crevices, and a part of the wall opened wide.
Just as that happened at Leonard's feet——his facial expression was strange because he was standing horizontally——the figure of the man disappeared into the school building as if he had fallen into a pit.
「I won't let you run away」
Isurugi chased him immediately.
Haruka also had to go. Her stomach wounds hadn't healed yet, but she couldn't afford to lose sight of Isurugi and let him be alone.

She withstood pain, stood up, jumped a short distance with 「Godlike Movement」 and entered the hole on the third floor of the school building.
The long and straight corridor characteristic of the school became the new battlefield.
She thought that this narrowness would impair Leonard's footing and give Isurugi an advantage, but—
「I wasn't running away. I was luring you!」
Leonard used the walls and ceiling as footholds as he liked, jumped about and attacked from the front, back, left and right and in three dimensions.
– Mu…!?
For the first time in this battle, Isurugi blocked the sword with his own sword.
He was on the defensive, even if it was for an instant.
He immediately parried Leonard's sword and counterattacked, but Leonard escaped to the ceiling and stood upside down.
– Nu….
Isurugi groaned.
Leonard's three-dimensional movement was clearly making him have a hard time.
Certainly, despite using 「Mongyoku」, Leonard's speed had barely dropped, and it was precisely because of his mastery that he could make sport of him.
Haruka was even more surprised, she stood stock still.
(Amazing…. Amazing…!)
She was instinctively in breathless suspense.
As a member of the same *Strikers*, she knew very well how strong Isurugi was as a *Shirogane*.
He was among the best as an A-Rank, and gained even more fame after defeating 「Stronghold」, if Moroha was excluded, he might be the strongest *Shirogane* in Japan now.
Moroha appraised him as someone above the British AJ, he fought as hard as the Russian "gravity user" Yuri Olegvich and pushed aside the attack of Zlatan, the first knight of 「Cradle of the Sun」.
All three of them were considered to be the strongest in their respective countries.
The man named Isurugi Jin was that strong.
But this enemy named Leonard Van Percy was just as strong.
This man who was a speed-specialized *Shirogane*.
Like Haruka, he was a man who should have nothing but poor talent.
(Poor? … No, that's not it. I was spoiled…)
How many times had Haruka apologized to her coach in her mind?
(It was as Moroha said…)
The words he always kept remonstrating her.
Moroha's education continued to confidently guaranteed to the dubious Haruka that 「I'm sure that Senpai will be an A-Rank」.
(It's not that I only have speed… A speed that won't lose to anyone…!)

After witnessing Leonard’s strength, she finally got its real meaning.
This enemy was Haruka’s final form.
The place one should aim for, which wasn’t visible for her, but that Moroha’s eyes could see.
– Run away, Momochi!
Haruka, who had forgotten the situation and was gazing at him, came to her senses with Isurugi’s sharp voice.
A familiar order of the captain.
Her body moved reflexively and jumped out of the window.
One beat later—
A colossal amount of roaring lightning went through the third floor completely.
From one end of the school building to the other, all the window glasses shattered from the inside, and melted from the heat.
If she had been on the third floor, she would have no technique to dodge it.
Haruka trembled violently, thinking what would have been of her if she had run away late.
It was an outrageous output of 「Mars」.
When she looked up, Isurugi was using the sword as a cane, he was breathing heavily and was unable to move.
– He… won?
Even if he was Leonard, she didn’t think he could dodge that.
Given that Isurugi’s evacuation order was also in Japanese, she didn’t think that he could anticipate that from the advice.
As she looked around for his whereabouts, she heard something falling in the distance.
When she shifted her attention to it, it was Leonard.
His whole body seemed to be numb, and he probably fell without being able to land safely.
Just as she thought, he was struck by lightning.
「Oh, you got me, you got me. Like I thought, people who are well-known across countries are strong」
However, for some reason, he didn’t appear to have been damaged. He had room to talk frivolously.
Seeming that the numbness had gone already, he stood up although slowly.
Isurugi wasn’t expecting it either, he was gazing at him in wonderment from the third floor.
「Like I thought, I’m glad I prepared for it, or perhaps I should say that I already made you use your precious try?」
Leonard grumbled something that didn’t make sense for Haruka and Isurugi.
They were surprised at him.
Before they knew, he drew it.
The other sword with his left hand.
The bladeless, fantastic sword.

「I call it Finisher. Cool, isn't it?」
Leonard, who noticed Haruka's gaze, made sure to show off his immaterial sword.
Then looked up at Isurugi and,
「You're incredible. To be honest, more than I imagined」
He began to praise him again.
Isurugi looked dissatisfied, but he couldn't continue the fight because he couldn't put his breathing in order yet, so he pretended to keep silent.
「To begin with, your amount of *prana* is basically amazing. Therefore, both your power and toughness are top tier. Moreover, your skillfulness and senses—that transform and converge the *prana* of 「Venus」 into power is outstanding. Your easy-to-use and powerful 「Mars」 is such a rare ability. Honestly speaking, you're a genius」
The open and unreserved high praise of Leonard.
In fact, Haruka wanted to nod every time he was right.
「Please drop it」
But Isurugi immediately denied it.
「I'm not a genius at all. I never was」
He spat out seemingly regretful from the bottom of his heart.
「Hahha————!」
Hearing so, Leonard suddenly gave a broad smile.
He burst into laughter and held his sides. Was it that funny?
Without paying attention to the startled Haruka, Leonard laughed for a while and then looked up at the heavens and said.
「Just like I thought」
He stared at the summit with terribly clear eyes.
「You aren't a genius. No, it's not the way to train someone who is proud of being a genius. I could tell by looking at your 「Godlike Movement」 a moment ago. Your speed is average and your talent in that area is unremarkable, but I wonder how difficult it is to get to use it that much. Still, because you did that, you're a triple threat and show no weak points. I respect you」
This time, Isurugi didn't deny it.
Leonard, still staring at the summit, extended his hand toward the sky and continued speaking.
「If seen from over there, we're all nothing but stones. Ever-struggling stones that stretch their hands toward there. That's the same for you, is it not? If not, say so」
Just as he thought, Isurugi didn't deny it.
He made an overly serious look and listened silently.
「It's far…. And wide…. I can't help but admire it…. 」
The eyes of Leonard staring at the heavens became more and more clear.
Like a mirror reflecting that blue sky.
Pure, straightforward and sincere.
A really picturesque face seen from the side.

A scene that made him forget that he was in the middle of a battle.
But—Haruka, to whom he flaunted about it, grinded her teeth.
Since he had talked so much, Haruka wasn't thickheaded enough to not know what Leonard was saying or what he was aiming for.
She couldn't help but be surprised to know the hidden intentions of Isurugi.
Haruka wasn't able to see Leonard's face, so she cast her eyes downward.
(Saying that we're no more than ever-struggling stones, even that has little to do with me…)
At the time of being ready and before the matter of the Ranks, she was already….
She wanted to crouch right there. When Haruka thought so,
「I'm sorry, but can we drop the conversation?」
She heard the voice of Isurugi and looked up.
When she did, he jumped down from the third floor and landed, making a light noise.
He had already recovered his breathing and it seemed that the absurd payment for releasing the full power of 「Mars」 had subsided.
Holding his sword pointing upright with the hilt in front of the right shoulder, he confronted Leonard again at a distance of about 10 meters.
「So cold. Jeez… If you weren't a friend or foe, I'd have loved having a drink with you」
「I'm sorry for that too. I'm a minor」
「Hah. What a funny joke」
Leonard readied his swords again.
A two-sword stance with the normal sword pushed out in his right hand and the immaterial sword held up high in the left hand.
Isurugi and Leonard. The heat in the eyes hitting each other was different from before. Like those who recognized each other as rivals.
Haruka finally healed her abdominal wounds, but she was still dispirited and didn't have the willpower to step in.
This time, her mood wasn't in a combat-like state, so she kept watching vacantly.
Leonard told Isurugi.
「As I was saying, I asked the American Division Head for this Finisher and got her to do it. It was called a "cheat" by elder sister Mellein」
Haruka vacantly looked at Leonard's immaterial sword.
「But you get it, don't you? If it's to get stronger, I'll use it. The end we're aiming for cannot be reached if we worry about appearances and excuses. After all, all the monsters that live over there are like that」
「… It's not impossible to believe. It's a warrior's nature to look for better weapons」
Isurugi re-clasped the wide-edged sword and the handle.
Haruka hadn't heard of its engraved signature, but it was also a sharp sword.
She had never seen it broken or chipped.

It didn’t matter how unreasonably it was treated by Isurugi who had a powerful *prana*.
「Heheh, that makes me happy. Like I thought, I was sure someone like you would understand it」
Leonard’s words were like a trigger—
The immaterial sword took shape.
Instead of a sword blade, a burst of flames spouted from the base of the sword.
Furthermore, Leonard poured *prana* into it, and a blue brilliance and red flames intermingled, wavered and sprung up.
Seeing that, a nightmare revived in Haruka’s mind.
She recalled the sight of the auditorium being blown away with just one blow.
That was exactly the sword that brought demise.
This wasn’t the moment at all to be absentminded.
Leonard swung down the blue and red flame sword without trying to shorten the distance.
Isurugi tried to catch that blow while adopting an imposing posture.
Isurugi, who saw it for the first time, didn’t seem to grasp the dreadfulness of Finisher.
It wasn’t that Haruka could say she didn’t, but Isurugi tended to be too much of an ardent admirer of Moroha. Leonard’s Finisher looked like an imitation of Moroha’s Yin Yang, which might explain why he tried to force him to yield head-on to protect Moroha inside him*.
*TN: Moroha is the furigana reading for sense of beauty/aesthetic sense.
In a sense of time that stretched larger like a candy, Haruka pondered.
Even if I shouted to run away, that obstinate Isurugi won’t hear me, will he?
She absolutely had no time to explain and persuade him in an instant until it was swung down.
(If so… I have no choice but to move…!)
Her willpower was restored and her whole body was filled with energy.
She stopped feeling timid about interrupting their battle.
It was never meant to be a one-to-one fight, and if it became a 2 VS 1, Leonard would laugh and be pleased about it. The end he was aiming for couldn’t be reached if he cared about such a trivial thing.
Haruka moved.
She ran forward to stop Finisher.
There was more than 15 meters between Haruka who was behind Isurugi and Leonard who was farther apart.
The borrowed time was only an instant.
In a shorter time than that instant, a memory flashed back in Haruka’s mind—
That was after she got to know Tekka at the end of last year.
As usual, after school, Haruka asked Moroha while getting him to go along with her personal special training.

– Hey, hey, do you think I’ll be able to do 【Hagun】 someday?
At any rate, because it was the most difficult Light Technique, she asked while being nervous and wondering if she should avert her eyes gently.
– As Momo-senpai is now, I think she can do it if she practices a bit.
However, Moroha’s reply was unexpected.
– Re-really!? Y-y-yaay!
– It’s the most difficult amongst 【Godlike Movement】, but in a sense it’s the culmination. If Momo-senpai doesn’t ignore the basics and carefully refines her skills one by one──
– Th-then tell me! I want to use that too!
– Well. Okay, but I do not like that.…
– Not being able to use it at all and being able to use it but not using it are completely different!
– Hmm. Certainly.
Moroha groaned and taught her in the end.
The way of walking that created afterimages, 【Komon】.
The way of walking that created clones, 【Donrou】.
The way of walking that turned everything into footholds, 【Mongyoku】.
The way of walking that went along with 【Strength】, 【Bukyoku】.
The way of walking that isolated footsteps and presence, 【Rentei】.
If those five ways of walking could be used **at the same time**, 【Hagun】 would be accomplished.
It was certainly a Light Technique that could be called “culmination”.
– Uhee. It looks difficult after all.
Haruka reflexively sat down hard on the floor of the martial arts stadium.
– Momo-senpai does have a clumsy side, doesn’t she?
Moroha also sat down in front of her and sat cross-legged.
– Yes, that’s true. During the kindergarten play time, everyone made triangles with their right hand and squares with their left hand, but in my group, I was the clumsiest.… I got sick of it and gave up practicing.
Haruka tried to demonstrate it, but even now, the lines drawn by her hands were flabby.
When she became aware of drawing a triangle, her left hand was caught up in it, and when she became aware of a square, her left hand looked funny.
– I’m not very good at doing different things at the same time.…
– 【Hagun】 is something you do with your feet, so even if you can’t do that, you don’t necessarily need to be discouraged.…
– I read something before. Whether or not you can do two things at the same time is tied to whether or not parts of the brain are developed. In fact, you give it a try.
There should be no way Moroha could handle the sword with his right hand and spell with his left hand at the same time.
Moroha demonstrated while giving a vague answer, but he drew a beautiful triangle and square.

– See? Yeeah, if I had listened to what Micchan-sensei said, about this time….
– No, that’s too much.
– It’s not too much. If I can do this, I feel I can do 「Hagun」.
Haruka casually extended both hands and joined hands with Moroha.
In a posture where she got Moroha to take the lead, she got the feel of it.
– Understood. 「Feeling it」 is important after all.
Moroha said nothing more and kept the triangle and square for a while.
– Momo-senpai’s hands are too small and cute, aren’t they?
– Nya!?
Don’t say unnecessary things!
– Neither my f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-fa-face nor my hands are cute, they’re ugly!
– Isn’t that argument for argument’s sake going too far?
Moroha laughed free from worry while Haruka got embarrassed and turned red to her earlobes, and tried to shake off his hands.
However, she gave up right before doing so.
Still all red, and pouting,
– Moroha’s hands are big and cool.
She fought back muttering.
– Hahaha….
Moroha tried to gloss it over with a wry smile, but he clearly felt embarrassed.
He could tell that the triangles and squares were losing shape.
Got you!
Mine are ama□□□□□□□□□zing too but it was embarrassing!
But—
Since the declaration of war and being instigated by Shizuno, Haruka also reached the point where she could touch Moroha like this, though only a little bit.
Moroha deliberately coughed, straightened up his back and drew clean lines with both hands.
A sign to do it seriously.
Haruka followed him cheerfully.
She asked him with upturned eyes, their hands still joined.
– Can you accompany me until I can do it?
– Of course. However, please promise me. 「Hagun」 is a technique you might end up relying on, but it’s actually a very difficult technique to use.
So never misuse it.
– G-got it!
Haruka never forgot the promise of that time.
She was not going to do anything that would make Moroha feel guilty, like bragging about it to make someone merry.
That was why there wasn’t an atom of hesitation in Haruka’s chest.
If I don’t use it now, then when?
In a mere instant of borrowed time—Haruka ran.

The way of walking of the Shukuchi, 『Hagun』.
As if cutting and connecting frames from a movie, Haruka disappeared and suddenly appeared before the very eyes of Leonard.
Leonard opened his eyes wide in surprise, he was probably thinking that there was no way she could use it.
She could take him by surprise.
She couldn't stop Finisher that had already been swung down, but she was able to brush Leonard's arm away and change the trajectory from Isurugi.
However, because she had no time, the blue and red flames that were released ended up rushing towards the martial arts stadium.
– Gyaa!
Haruka screamed unconsciously.
So this is what doing something without practicing before looks like! In the end, I have to practice more!
But she didn't have room to be troubled or time to watch over the circumstances.
– You surprised me! Like I thought, the young lady is interesting!
Leonard had his eyes light up, and started slashing at her.
In reaction to using 『Hagun』, Haruka, who couldn't move, had no way to avoid it.
She prepared to receive a hard blow,
– You truly surprised me, Momochi-kun!
Isurugi, who wielded his sword, stepped in, and Leonard, without being able to bear it, had no choice but to jump back; Haruka was saved.
They went back to square one.
Leonard, who kept them at a distance, sheathed the immaterial sword for a moment.
They didn't understand the theory or reason, but it was probably a weapon that couldn't be used continuously.
– Thanks, Captain. This is just a proposition, but why don't we fight so that we don't let him unsheathe that?
– … Understood. Let's go with that.
Nodding at each other, Haruka kicked the ground with Isurugi.
Haruka was finally able to participate in the battle and attacked Leonard from the left and right.

Chapter 6: Hope is something you grasp with these hands

Seven were the golems controlled by Louise Saint-Germain that formed an encirclement.
Nine were the *Shirogane*, Satsuki included, who formed a circle and protected the *Kuroma* unit.
Ten if Nargravitz was added to that number.
With this force ratio, Satsuki, who was good at being on the defensive, naturally had to stop the enemies by herself, such was the tactical decision she took.
What Satsuki challenged was the Mantis Golem.
She regretted bitterly in her mind, thinking "I ended up choosing an extremely incompatible opponent again".
Since she didn't know the special characteristics of this thing before fighting, there was nothing she could do.
Its head and arms were those of a mantis.
Its expressionless face characteristic of bugs, its eeriness and the two scythe-looking blades induced simple fear within her.
The surprisingly slender torso was that of a living woman. Contrary to that, its lower body was a nearly two-meter-tall, sturdy steel spider.
The Mantis Golem swung the sickles mercilessly and coldly, without letting out a roar.
It was sharp and fast.
By the time she wondered if the right sickle had been raised, her shoulder had already been torn.
The left sickle was swung upward, and as soon as she tried to dodge it this time, she was cut by the right sickle.
It was too fast, she couldn't either predict it or avoid it.
After seeing it, instead of defending, she tried to predict the next movement of the opponent and deal with it, but this was also difficult due to lacking facial expression and being inhuman.
– Are you okay, Onee-san? You haven't dropped a shower of blows on me since a while ago.
Louise said sounding really concerned from inside the mirror that replaced the head of the bird-shaped familiar Golem flying in the sky.
– Shush! Keep quiet and watch! I'll go there in a minute!

Satsuki put on a brave front and shouted back.
But, for her, who was a 【Tank type】 according to Moroha, it was an awfully weak attack.
Satsuki found it easier to deal with the heavy, powerful, large, sturdy and broad blades of the Ice Golem she had fought first because it took full advantage of its power and toughness and counterattacked.
Also, against the Ice Golem, Manako got the attention of one of the large, sturdy and broad blades, but now she was in a difficult situation in which she must deal with both arm sickles alone.
– What if I get someone to take your place, Onee-san?
– It's not possible so burn it in your mind already!
All the other *Shiroganes* were barely stopping the golems in front of them, so if she attempted to change positions, the inside of the circular formation would be penetrated while relieving one another.
Anyway──because the Mantis Golem's sickles were just as much as fast and didn't have much power, she helplessly survived it somehow by surrounding her whole body with 【High Durability】, but she already had lacerations here and there.
Damage was definitely accumulating.
– I'm not your punching bag!
Satsuki got mad and slashed back.
When she hit the cephalothorax of the large spider that was taller than her, a high-pitched sound of iron and iron hitting each other reverberated. But it was no more than that.
The lower half of the body made of steel was terribly hard and nothing but a small scratch could be carved into it, even when Satsuki used 【Venus】.
If so, she struck its thin and long legs with the sword blade, but it was still the same.
It seemed that the upper body, which irritated her for having its ample breasts exposed, was soft, but it was too high to reach.
If she jumped using 【Godlike Movement】, she would be knocked down by the high-speed sickles.
– Kuuuu….
She regretted not having speed with tears in her eyes.
But without complaining, and without a moment's delay, she landed safely, stood up and swung her sword again.
A *prana*-kneading and somewhat-large driven blow with all of her might.
Then, the Mantis Golem maneuvered its 8 legs and escaped going backwards with surprising agility.
She reflexively tried to go after it, but Satsuki clenched her teeth and stood firm.
Because if she ran after it, the circular formation would end up collapsing.
– You controlled yourself well, Ranjou!
The Demon Vice-Captain rarely complimented her.
– Doujima, shoot at the number three──!

Furthermore, with that instruction, Doujima of the *Kuroma* unit shot 「Blitz Ball」 at the Mantis Golem.
A spherical lightning attack exploded on the golem's body surface and showered it with blows.
Louise's golem, which had excellent anti-magic power, wasn't simple enough to be defeated by that much, but it certainly made it accumulate damage. It wasn't going to be the only one taking damage though.
The Mantis Golem attacked again, although staggering a little due to the bombing-like spherical lightning.
Satsuki couldn't catch sight of the sickle and was cut, then slashed back with determination.
– It's as the Vice-Captain says, you have patience. Ranjou-san.
Manako on the right started talking to her while facing a Leopard Head Golem alone.
– That Mantis has no decisive blows.
Manako predicted the heavy, fast and terrifying large sword that the Leopard Head had swung down and warded it off with the sword with perfect timing.
Louise, looking upset from inside the mirror,
– Onee-san, I will say that it's a concept that takes measures against speed-specialized type *Shiroganes*, alright*?*
She protested so, but Manako ignored her coolly.
As she superbly dealt with the Leopard Head's strong arm and the large sword that instantly came slashing back at her,
– In other words, as long as you endure it, you'll definitely earn time.
She only talked to Satsuki.
If either the timing or angle when holding her sword against the large sword approaching at high speed became imprecise in the slightest, Manako and the sword blade would end up being cut right in half.
Although it wasn't to the level of calling it good compatibility, Manako, who was a master of 「Clairvoyance」, was the only one who could be the opponent of the strongest golem of the seven that were there.
– It does hurt. But I'll resist.
Manako fought against deadly pressure, and as she continued being on the defensive without losing focus even for an instant, she worried about her kouhais. Touched by the kindness that existed deep inside Manako who always hid behind Taketsuru and appeared to be rather unfriendly, Satsuki cheered up.
Her heart burned bright red.
– Of course! Even if hundreds of them came!
Even if she was cut and cut by the scythes, she continued fighting with a resolution that never lost heart.
– Urushibara, shoot at number three――!
The *Kuroma* unit provided fire support.

In response to Tokiko's order, Shizuno released the 3rd Rank of Ice 「Freezing Shade」 to the Mantis Golem.
She didn't use a 4th Rank or 5th Rank because the 3rd Rank had a better balance of repetitiveness and power for Shizuno than those that took too long to spell.
It was different when she could defeat a golem with a single blow, but protection wouldn't be in time if the rotational power was increased.
If she didn't give time to breathe to Satsuki and the other *Shiroganes* who were fighting one-on-one, they would end up being stomped by the golems.
She was about to chant the next 「Freezing Shade」 without rest—her voice didn't come out and got impatient.
She had run out of breath.
No matter how many times she fired in rapid succession, she still had a large pool of *mana*, but her stamina threw in the towel in drawn-out battles.
– That's what you get for pretending to be a dunce every day, you idiot.
Tokiko's scolding flew.
It didn't have a particle of scorn; it was a pure reprimand.
– … I will reflect on it.
Shizuno returned neither sarcasm nor insult.
She restrained the intense anger directed towards herself with an ice-like, level-headed will and started the next Dark Art.
Not even Tokiko had time to rebuke her strongly and indefinitely,
– Takenaka, shoot at number one——!
– Kurai, shoot at number six——!
– Doujima, shoot at number five——!
She issued orders in rapid succession.
The number was a simple name assigned to each golem.
The *Kuroma* unit moved as instructed. An action Takenaka and Doujima got used to, and the teachers, who were addressed without using a suffix, tried to follow her desperately.
– Takenaka, shoot at number one ♥.
Louise occasionally made such teasing remarks, but no one was lured by them.
The threatening voice and the soldier-like manner of speaking of Tokiko, who was experienced in issuing orders, spread throughout the battlefield very well.
She gazed at the surrounding battle in all directions, covered the situation, and if there was a *Shirogane* who was in an unfavorable situation, she made the *Kuromas* support them accurately.
In addition, Shizuno and the others, six *Kuromas* in total, got all the timings to complete Dark Arts.
When Satsuki fell into a dilemma, she just wouldn't know who would have the next Dark Art ready. When two *Kuromas* supported Satsuki and the slow Tanaka was in a pinch, no one made a mistake like not having a Dark Art ready yet. They were perfectly coordinated.

And yet, Tokiko herself participated in fire support with short-spelled Dark Arts such as 「Mind Thrust」.
Exactly like the great efforts of a jack of all trades.
This overwhelming inferiority was somehow solely sustained by the commanding ability of the Demon Vice-Captain.
Isurugi's commanding ability, who wielded a sword on the front line while leading the *Shirogane* unit, was also amazing, so it made sense that the current *Strikers* led by these two was powerful and unparalleled.
– Urushibara, shoot at number two――!
Shizuno obeyed the order and burned the imposing figure of Tokiko in her memory.
Anyhow, this may be helpful for Moroha.
Shizuno could even use a 6th Rank Dark Art.
Ordinary A-Ranks couldn't use them. It was a next-to-impossible great magic that took several minutes to complete even for those at the top.
One of them, 「Restraint Field」, was a Mystical Barrier Dark Art that suppressed the power of magical creatures, including golems, and was very helpful in the battle with Lightning Empress.
But it couldn't be used now because 「Field of Dreams」, a similar mystical barrier that functioned in a space, was spread in the martial arts stadium, meaning that they would interfere with each other, and she hadn't the slightest idea how they would lose control.
In the worst case, if Maya's mystical barrier disappeared, the general students who took refuge inside of it would end up being exposed to the fires of war.
The range effect of 「Restraint Field」 was very wide and couldn't be adjusted.
In other words, saying that 「Dark Arts are powerful but not all-purpose」, was basically saying that 「The one who can use the optimum power in a situation in the best way, is the superior *Kuroma*」.
Tokiko was a model who completely mastered Dark Arts far more than Shizuno at a tactical level.
– Takenaka, shoot at number three――!
At Tokiko's command, Takenaka drove 「Breeze Mace」 into the Mantis Golem.
The compressed mass of wind knocked it down like a strong blunt weapon.
Three delicate legs in the lower body shaped as a large spider were broken all at once, making the golem lose its balance.
– My doll is!?
– Hooray! I, I did it, Kanzaki-senpai!
Takenaka innocently shouted with exultation, but this seemed to be the result of the damage accumulated laboriously.
Satsuki, who squared off against it, did her very best, and when no one was especially in a pinch, Tokiko concentrated the firepower on the Mantis Golem.

It was a good opportunity, the tactical decision of that finally ripened.
A hole that also made the dam collapse.
The sarcastic Shizuno didn't think that—God gave a reward to everyone who endured it.
However, since she was deliberately mean by nature, if there was a hole in the dam, she wanted to widen it and demolish it.
□□Write—□□
Saying so, and realizing that there was a voice overlapping with hers and said voice belonged to Tokiko, they looked at each other.
Tokiko and Shizuno began chanting and spelling as the former grinned and the latter was as if nothing happened.
The first to be completed was Shizuno's 4th Rank □Dreadful Blizzard□.
– Step back, Satsuki!
Together with the order issued, she flicked the four-line phrase put into written form in the empty sky with her finger.
Crossing paths with Satsuki who moved back, a blizzard that didn't seem to be part of this world froze the golem.
Seconds later, Tokiko's Dark Art was completed.
There is purgatory in the realm of the dead There are burning fields on earth
Flames become equal, burning good, evil, chaos and everything to exhaustion A purifying intense mercy
The still bleak irony of The hometown that was reduced to scorched earth
Everyone Must die and return to skull

The 4th Rank of Flames, □Blaze Storm□.
Swirling raging flames swept over and attacked the frozen Mantis Golem from above—
And made it burst and scatter in very small pieces.
A large amount of water vapor made the surroundings raise pure-white steam.
They were finally able to bring one down.
Even if it was one of seven, it was a lot of progress.
Cheers rose from here and there.
– Jee□□□z. Now you are doing mean stuff, you kno□□□□□□w?
Louise in the mirror stamped her feet in frustration, but no one was looking at her.
– Kanzaki… since when are you able to spell a 4th Rank…?
Doujima didn't know what face to make, if a surprised one or an amazed one.
– As for that, from the beginning! A talented hawk hides its mistakes!
Tokiko was puffed up, but,
– Some time ago, you were secretly meeting with Moroha for a long time, weren't you?

When Shizuno pointed out that it was the result of her hidden efforts, she pouted.
During the battle, everyone smiled for a moment.
– So? Is it wrong!? Having a cute kouhai thrusting my ass!? I just thought of mastering one thing before graduating!

Tokiko fought back.
On one hand, Shizuno felt that there was something to be learned from her, on the other hand, Tokiko became aware of Shizuno──even the cold heart of Shizuno couldn't help but feel that composition interesting.
– I tried to surpass my limits! You bastards will try to surpass your limits too, right now!
Tokiko encouraged everyone by using outrageous words.
The faces of all present, which were dyed in a half-sense of grim resolve, changed and heroically challenged the golems.
In fact, Satsuki's hands were free with this, allowing her to do a pincer attack with Nargravitz against the enemy golem from the front and back.
They were still at a disadvantage, but the flow was definitely changing.
Everyone appeared to think so in their minds, then──
– What's that!?
Tokiko, who was about to go return to give orders, shouted hysterically.
Unidentified flames shining in red and blue surged forward from the collapsed auditorium like a runaway train.
– Avoid it, Tanaka, Tsugihara and Makibayashi──i!
Tokiko screamed.
The three of them obeyed her without delay with their *Shirogane* reflexes.
They retreated regardless of disrupting the circular formation.
Rather, the two golems who were facing them couldn't react and were swallowed by the blue and red flames that passed through in a straight line.
They were evaporated in an instant.
No one knew what happened──except those who were fiercely fighting against the golems──they were equally dumbfounded.
In fact, in order to protect Isurugi from Leonard's Finisher, Haruka used 「Hagun」 and the blow that was deviated from its trajectory accidentally led to this result, but there was no way Shizuno and the others would grasp it unless they were gods.
It was nothing but good luck getting rid of two troublesome things at the same time, but they honestly didn't know if they could be happy.
– … Ugh, he's done it again… Leonard, you combat iiiidiot!
Meanwhile, Louise suddenly lost her temper and groaned,
– You destroy two dolls that I brought up under my personal care! Are you having so much fun that you can't see anything around you? Fine, if that's the case, I'll also have tons of fun. Wait for me!
Controlling the familiar Golem, she flew away somewhere.
– Hmm. Who's going to wait? I feel refreshed, she was never silent.

– Now the encirclement will collapse. Let’s withdraw to the martial arts stadium.
As the rejoicing Takenaka pointed out, the golems, which were reduced to four in one go, couldn’t surround this number of people.
– The encirclement is collapsing and we’re going to withdraw? Nonsense! Now that we got a chance, we’re going to let it go!?
Tokiko commanded quickly and everyone cooperated and moved together.
First, protected by Tanaka, Tsugihara and Makibayashi, the *Kuroma* unit escaped from the encirclement. Nargravitz followed Shizuno because it couldn’t leave her side.
In the meanwhile, Satsuki and the other *Shiroganes* attracted the remaining four golems and kept them at bay with all their might.
After that, and estimating the moment when the *Kuroma* unit was far enough away from the enemy golems, Satsuki and company were called.
Three people, including Takenaka, joined them and remade a horizontal front line, stopping the enemy golems like a barricade.
This was the standard development of the White Knight Organization and the completion of a basic formation.
The strategies they trained and became experienced at created mental stability.
It resembled the □safety□ that was linked to carelessness. □One’s presence of mind□ that reduced foolish mistakes.
– I’ll take the liberty to let all my frustration go away□□□!
Satsuki, whose body was full of cuts, seemed to pay absolutely no attention to it.
When they dismantled the formation, she changed her opponent and chose a power-type golem that had the lower body of a rhinoceros and the upper body of a crocodile man that also seemed to be compatible with herself, and opened hostilities.
Brimming with vigor, she slashed upward at it and parried head-on the big metal rod that the crocodile man had struck down.
– Ranjou-san is really tough, isn’t she?
– Yes, Sensei! I decided that I won’t lose to anyone in terms of willpower. If I do so, Moroha will praise me.
– Quit it, don’t go about your love during the battle. We’ll lose interest, you know? Hahahaha!
Her satisfying way of fighting spread to her surroundings, and the morale of the troops and their excitement went up.
The *prana* of the *Shirogane* unit supporting the front line shone much more, and the spelling fingertips of the *Kuroma* unit bounced up and down.
The momentum of the counterattack increased more and more.
SHizuno, who was watching from behind, squinted at what sounded like Satsuki’s great inspiration.
However,
– Ranjou! Leave!

The Demon Vice-captain gave an extreme order.
Shizuno stopped her hand spelling the next Dark Art and looked at her with suspicious eyes.
Satsuki beat the golem vigorously as she complained.
– Why!? Is it because Moroha and I are head-over-heels in love!?
– Your view is so warped that you think you're head-over-heels in love? Stupid. I'm worried about Isurugi and the others. We'll be fine, so go help them.
Because Tokiko's order was extremely reasonable, Shizuno also got surprised.
Certainly, the identity of those blue and red flames, which came flying from where Isurugi and Haruka were, was unknown. And the reason they hadn't come to assist them yet was none other than the fight still going on there.
Even if Satsuki was absent, it would mean no problems because the force ratio would be in their favor if two *Shiroganes* faced one golem.
Rather, they were more concerned about Isurugi and company not having the fire support of *Kuromas.*
Manako, who excelled in 「Clairvoyance」, was better at fighting other Saviors, it was her forte, but she was the only one who could fight against that Leopard Head Golem.
Satsuki often did special training with Haruka, so a combination could be expected.
The more she thought about it, the more the instructions of the Demon Vice-Captain made sense.
– Understood, I'll be going!
While getting Tanaka to follow her, Satsuki left the front line temporarily and retreated.
She quickly turned and ran towards the auditorium.
When Shizuno followed her with her eyes until she was out of sight,
– Urushibara. Show them what you've got.
Tokiko pointed her chin at the golems.
– Can I do whatever I want?
– Yeah. We don't need to keep rotating. Hit them with the biggest one.
Tokiko ordered so and laughed dangerously.
– It will take me a fair amount of time, and I need to devote myself to it, so do I still go with it?
– Yeah. Do whatever you want.
Interesting.
She ended up thinking so.
(Am I also being pulled by the mood created by Satsuki?)
In fact, the most troublesome thing in this situation was the Leopard Head Golem which Manako was unable to take her eyes from. She wouldn't know until she tried if she could floor it with one blow of, for example, 「Bright White Frost」, but at any rate, she wanted to throw great magic rapidly to bring this to an end quickly.

With the tactical goals already set, Shizuno regained her breath and concentrated.
She was about to carefully write the first character in the air—
The sound of something buzzing and cutting through the atmosphere, followed by the piercing sound of glass breaking—
Surprised, Shizuno stopped her finger.
(What. On earth?)
Her mood ruined, she turned eyes of protest to the one who made those noises.
The window glass on the second floor of the first martial arts stadium was broken loudly.
Something came flying, crashed into it and broke it.
– Ha… hahaha… are you kidding me…?
Takenaka, who appeared to have witnessed it, let out a dry smile while making his face stiffen.
– Hey, what’s wrong? What on earth did come flying?
The oppressive question of Tokiko.
Takenaka replied feeling desperate.
Its real identity was too surprising for both Tokiko and Shizuno.
Yes, just listening to him gave them chills.
The counterattack mood disappeared with one blow.
Everyone grew pale—and were about to be overwhelmed by despair.

Chapter 7: Despair is something that those well-known hands give us

How much time had passed since Leshya and Zhixin stood and glared at each other at the narrow path?
Due to sharpening her concentration so as to not be attacked by surprise, she had already lost her sense of time.
Still—*This is strange*, Leshya thought.
They both stood ready, and with that, Zhixin didn't attack.
Leshya was okay with it. A staring contest was warmly welcomed.
A strategic victory would be to stop an S-Rank monster here and wait for Moroha's return.
On the contrary, it would be an unwise move unless Zhixin came attacking.
No matter how much of a "man-eater" she was, wasn't it the best move for him to quickly knock down the lower rank Leshya, return to Akane Academy and go berserk until Moroha returned?
When she fought with him at the mansion of the "witch of the prison", didn't he fearlessly shorten the distance?
(What is he scheming?)
Despite Leshya braced herself and concentrated so as to not suffer a surprise attack, uneasy feelings gradually gnawed at her chest.
She didn't know how Zhixin felt, he just remained frivolous.
However, he had been breathing strangely since a while.
Suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu—
Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa—
Was it actually okay to call it "deep breaths"?
He was taking way too long to exhale and inhale, it was too far from the concept of □breathing□ that Leshya knew, and because the exhaling and inhaling were mixed with the sound of wind, they were too hard to grasp.
It was like the breathing of a whale or something larger, but not the breathing of a human being.
Moreover, since he stood ready and immobile like a statue, it seemed that Zhixin was gradually becoming one with the surrounding landscape.
After—being in the mountains in March, the butterflies came to perch on Zhixin's head and shoulders.

Before the sight that seemed to make her lose heart spontaneously, Leshya had to strengthen her resolve again.
She thrust a gaze of caution and suspicion at Zhixin.
– Are you wondering what I am thinking?
In the intervals of his long, long breaths, Zhixin joked.
– … Of course I am.
– This is a special breathing technique called pranayama. It is also a training method to exercise *prana*, master 「Inner Life」 and eventually lead to the road of immortality. My dear master kept doing this for several decades and became immortal*.
*TN: To clarify, the kanji for pranayama is “tempo breathing” and the kanji for immortal is wizard/hermit, although that is the translation, the actual meaning is having an extremely long life, to the point of being immortal (as showcased in this series with Tekka) and makes more sense than writing wizard/hermit.
– No one has heard of that.
Knowing that she was being teased, Leshya loaded killing intent into her gaze.
As Zhixin kept being frivolous with a devil-may-care attitude,
– You have improved your skill since the last time we met.
He suddenly changed the topic.
– Just standing facing each other like this, I can feel it acutely. Good gracious, I envy you for being young. You grew so much in just a few months. I am ashamed, but there was a time where I was like that too.
– … All thanks to having bouts with Moroha.
Between dates, the two of them frequently crossed swords without *prana*.
Moroha accompanied her in her special swordsmanship training, which was not necessary for 「Saviors」, without making an unpleasant face once.
She actually felt that they were encouraging each other.
In other words, Moroha moved forward just like her, so it was quite hard to catch up with him.
For Leshya, who was convinced that training went hand in hand with pain, this feeling of two people holding hands and walking was fresh and happy.
Although he didn’t have the obligation to speak even of the circumstances,
– I see, if your partner is Haimura-sama, I will have to agree.
Zhixin consented with a face as if he had really understood so.
– Stop. Your words sound like I was being ridiculed by Moroha.
– Don’t exaggerate! But I apologize.
Zhixin clearly wore a self-deprecating smile.
He immediately and slowly opened his eyelids and his eyes as thin as threads.
– Seeing this, I truly regret looking down on Haimura-sama.
– …!
Leshya was startled.
What should be filling the eye sockets of Zhixin was not there.

The two eyeballs were not there.
Zhixin quickly closed his eyelids, but Leshya took some time to regain her composure.
– As I said, I trained 「Inner Life」 following the teachings of my dear master. At that time, the wounds that Haimura-sama had inflicted on me healed soon. For some reason, only these torn eyes didn't regenerate.
– … Is that why you don't attack?
– Indeed. I said that attacking is completely useless. It would be a different story if I could use 「Clairvoyance」, but in this state, it is difficult to even go straight towards you.
This man's words were fundamentally untrustworthy, but only his words just now carried the truth.
It made sense.
If there was a problem——
– Why did you tell me that?
It was this.
Zhixin had no reason to tell the truth openly.
By his looks, she didn't know whether or not his eyes were open, so he should have kept it hidden.
(Is he trying to put me off my guard?)
A strategy to make Leshya think that she could defeat Zhixin, who now lost his vision, to make her attack, and defeat her with a single counter blow.
Then apart from this being what Zhixin was after, would Leshya really lose if she attacked? Couldn't she win unexpectedly? She considered it seriously.
She observed the posture and behavior of Zhixin.
(… He's dangerous. As long as I get closer, I can at least fight by relying on feeling only)
Even now, she felt that much dreadfulness from Zhixin.
She picked up a pebble as a test and threw it at his face with all of her strength, and Zhixin lightly dodged it by inclining his head.
He proved that he hadn't stopped being a kung fu master.
(However… there's a possibility that his strategy is to puzzle me like this and gain time)
Zhixin admitted that he naturally couldn't defeat Leshya in the blind state he was, so if he stopped Leshya here and left things to the other Six Wings, it would be "the most satisfactory strategy".
If so, if buying time, which was what Leshya intended to do, resulted to be what the Six Wings wanted, it would be the worst development.
Leshya had to defeat Zhixin right now.
(… I don't get it)
Leshya was troubled to make a decision.
Zhixin's frivolous poker face and flawless kenpo stance stirred hesitation in her.
The more she hesitated, the more impatient she became, and the more likely to break her posture.

Zhixin kept doing things at his own pace ostentatiously and doing pranayama frivolously.
A line of sweat slid down Leshya's spine slowly enough to irritate her.
The lukewarm wind blowing between the trees was terribly annoying.
Even the flapping of the butterflies, which flickered at the corner of her field of vision, got on her nerves.
Suddenly—
She couldn't believe it, but she could see it flickering.
Zhixin kept doing pranayama while being in a statue-like pose.
Green light rose up around his body sparsely and swayed like heat haze.
She could see the brilliance of his *prana*.
(That's ridiculous…)
Leshya confirmed the feel of the cursed sword grasped tightly in her right hand.
It was there. It sure was.
The switch was still 「on」.
There was no way Zhixin could wear *prana.*
(It's absolutely strange…)
When Leshya thought so, **snap**, there was a sound of something hard cracking.
Stunned, she looked down.
It was engraved.
There was a small crack in the blade of Leprazan.
Then one more.
And another one.
The number of cracks slowly increased.
Similarly, the green light thinly rising up from Zhixin's body gradually increased in range.
In the first place, did that man's *prana* shine like that?
Wasn't it darker and duller like jade?
It had a color that should be described as 「The bluest in the world」, no?
Leshya couldn't help but remember.
That time when her body was taken over by Kondrat, the smartest guy Lightning Empress had, and fought with Moroha.
She was possessed, but she was conscious and had memories of it.
Even under the influence of Leprazan, Moroha made *prana* overflow in large amounts, poured it into Saratiga, polished it up, and enhanced it to 「Something more transcendent than *prana*」 that Leshya didn't know.
The cursed sword was unable to consume the brilliance that should be expressed as 「The whitest in the world」 and in the end, it shattered.
Could Zhixin be able to do the same as Moroha?
– Pranayama is the essence of Renki, which was devised by my dear master. However, there was only one pupil who managed to master it to this level, and that pupil is me*.

*TN: □□ (renki) has no direct translation and roughly means “training mind”. If attached to a noun like person, it takes the meaning of crafty/cunning/etc.
Zhixin said as if peeking into Leshya’s head.
– Wait a little longer. I will polish it perfectly and show you my true invitation. The secret fist that would mean my instant expulsion if used against people and that is strictly forbidden by my dear master—well, that has nothing to do with me now.
Hearing that, shudders ran down Leshya’s spine.
But for this reason, the perception of the Savior VS Savior battle expert was ignited.
(If I don’t attack him immediately, I’ll lose!)
She believed.
If the cursed sword could no longer consume Zhixin’s *prana*, it would shatter and she would be defeated.
If it became a battle between a C-Rank and an S-Rank, she would lose*.
*TN: Both ranks are the furigana reading for superhumans.
This was Zhixin’s aim, who continued doing pranayama and didn’t move for a long time. Stalling for time was stalling for time, but it was for the sake of defeating Leshya.
On the contrary, Leshya had to abandon the plan to stand until Moroha returned.
(Yes, I have no choice but to attack!)
Reckoning that, back at that time with Moroha and when the state of Leprazan was still at this level, he wasn’t able to demonstrate his power as a □Savior□.
Those memories and experiences urged Leshya.
Even now, Zhixin wasn’t a superhuman.
She could bring it to a battle between ordinary people.
In several months, Leshya polished her skills, and Zhixin lost his vision.
There was no choice but to bet on how close the difference had been reduced.
She carried the cursed sword in her hand and charged.
– Oh, yes, that decision is admirable!
Zhixin admired her jokingly.
Leshya got closer without paying attention to details and thrust the sword blade into him.
– I lost my vision; attacking is completely useless—
The quality of the smile that clung to Zhixin’s cheeks changed.
– —But, strangely enough, I can grasp defending myself so well. Much deeper than before!
He laughed daringly.
As if brushing gently the wide middle part of the piercing blade of the cursed sword, Zhixin pushed it sideways with the palm of his right arm.

A tiny bit. However, Leshya's stab was moved out of the trajectory, grazed Zhixin's left flank and missed.
What a superb use of force. Was that the innermost secret of Kakei*?
*TN: □□ Kind of impossible to translate without leading to just plainly incorrect translation. A possible interpretation would be "changing/adaptable strength".
Right when Leshya gazed at it in wonderment, Zhixin was already raising his left arm overhead as if to pierce the heavens.
– Your decision is admirable. However, your kung fu is not enough.
She was struck.
A merciless blow to the medulla oblongata.
It wasn't □Saturn□, it was only a disruption of consciousness by means of ordinary martial arts.
Leshya's mind fell into a pitch-black darkness.
In an instant that resembled one's dying moments, she looked up at the laughing Zhixin.
Scary.
The secret of the still hidden Renki.
Because he lost his vision, he had the talent as a warrior to change it to another advantage.
When it came to S-Ranks, were they this bottomless?
No, were they S-Ranks because they had no bottom?
(Please… everyone… run away… please…)
Leshya completely lost consciousness while worrying about everyone at school until the last moment of consciousness.
Zhixin, who floored Leshya with a single counterattack, had the illusion that his body got lighter.
When Leprazan fell out of her hand, the switch was turned □off□, he could use *prana* normally without having to polish it further.
The feeling of being a superhuman had returned.
– It took you too long, Zhixin!
The voice of Louise and a faint flapping sound were heard from overhead.
The bird-shaped familiar, that had taken refuge high in the sky, fearing that Leprazan would consume its *mana,* returned to his side and talked on and on.
– Akira-kun finished long ago. And I got four of my precious dolls destroyed!
A necessary report and a trivial complaint.
– I am sorry. the "man-eating" young lady got unexpectedly skillful. I also had no chance to attack her because my Light Techniques were sealed.
Zhixin made a tasteless apology and explained frivolously.
However, it was true that he couldn't find a chance.
If she had been the same Leshya he encountered before, he would have approached her casually and would have defeated her easily, even with his eyes that could not see.
– Good gracious, she is a scary young lady.

No matter how much one practiced kung fu, not everyone could reach the level of Zhixin.
However, since she was blessed with a good training partner, Leshya may change radically in 10 years.
– What are *ya* doing, Zhixin!? Don't be immersed in joy and work, work!
– Good gracious, this harsh employer young lady.
Hurried up by Louise, Zhixin remembered his duty.
He searched for Leprazan, relying on his memory and the sound it made when it fell around here seconds ago. With Louise's directions such as 「A little more to the right!」, he managed to get it somehow.
Being blind was really inconvenient. It was difficulty to ambush Leshya and others without Louise's guidance.
– Now, now, are you ready, Louise-sama?
– Yes. This way. You got it? This direction.
Louise's voice went away with a faint flapping sound.
– Go straight to where I am now.
– Understood.
If Zhixin's eyes could see, he would have been able to look in the direction where Louise's familiar was flying and look down at the neighboring hill 5 kilometers away from halfway down the hill.
A short trapezoidal hill with a wide summit.
And he could have an unbroken view of Akane Academy that was there.
– Should I count to ten?
– That is good enough.
While Louise counted to ten, Zhixin polished *prana* again.
And spread paranormal herculean strength to every corner of his body.
Then, held the cursed sword in a javelin throwing-like form and waited for the signal of zero—
– *Iiii

It went through the window of the first martial arts stadium which was in one corner of the site, its momentum didn’t stop yet and smashed and pierced the window on the other side and pierced the second martial arts stadium, and finally stopped when it pierced through the wall of the third martial arts stadium.
Leprazan was a cannibalistic cursed sword.
Even though the switch was □off□, its sword blade rendered all the *prana* and *mana* that it touched powerless.
No matter what kind of powerful mystical barrier was spread in the martial arts stadium, it would eat up the source and everything*.
*TN: Source is the furigana reading for mana.

Shiina Haruko was a very ordinary *Shirogane* enrolled in 2-3.
During the year, she got to know Momochi Haruka and the class, and the fact that their names were different by one letter made them get along well, and became friends since then.
When her best friend asked her to call Isurugi Jin, she escaped from the back of the collapsed auditorium to the second martial arts stadium and told the situation to Isurugi and the teachers who were supposed to have joint class work—
Even now, she was trembling in the second martial arts stadium.
It was completely noisy in the wide space.
All the students of the three classes went upstairs to the gallery on the second floor and clung to the windows.
They were unable to take their eyes from the situation of the battle that was taking place right outside.
8 members of *Strikers* and 9 teachers led by the Demon Vice-Captain Kanzaki Tokiko were surrounded by seven golems; they were in a tough spot.

Shiina and other general students were strictly ordered by the teachers to never go out.
Still, voices saying 「Why don't we go to help them?」 were naturally let out.
Especially the third years who were about to graduate and were the reserve members of *Strikers*.
After all, they only raised their voices, the reason they hesitated was—that the level of the battle was too high.
Are the golems that powerful?
Or are the seven of them special?
If they crossed swords with those things, they weren't confident that they could stand even for a mere minute.
Shiina thought so. Everyone else had very similar thoughts.
Because everyone here wasn't an amateur in battle, they knew that they would be nothing but a hindrance. They ended up fully realizing so.
For that reason, they could only cheer them on, and all those who had their pride smashed made their shameful feelings smolder among their sincere feelings that wanted and wished for them to win, and shouted feeling desperate.
No, it could be said that those who were like that still had backbone.
– … We're okay, aren't we?
– … If we stay inside, we'll be safe. Definitely, definitely.
She saw those who could do nothing but tremble, embrace and comfort each other and those who made her want to doubt if they were 「Saviors」 or not.
What they should be worrying about is something completely different!
(Momochi… you're safe… right? You're… strong like a monster… right?)
Shiina clung to the window, and from there she looked at the back of the auditorium, which was a blind spot of the school building.
She was concerned about her best friend, who didn't seem to show signs of surviving even though Isurugi Jin went to rescue her.
And—
Suddenly, big cheers erupted around her.
– Aaaaalriiiight!
– As expected of the Demon Vice-Captain, she's amazing!!
– Stupid! It was Takenaka who shot it down!
– No, no, everyone is awesome! Either way, *Strikers* is full of monsters!
– I mean, who's that first year!? … Urushibara? Was she that strong!?
Shiina grasped the situation just by hearing those shouts of joy.
Furthermore, from the back of the auditorium, where Shiina was staring at, unidentified blue and red shining flames closed in, making two golems disappear.
A total of three bodies were disposed of in succession, and the situation of the Demon Vice-Captain and the others suddenly changed.
(Momochi… you can win too. … I'm sure of it)
Shiina had already joined her hands and prayed.

Then, Kanzaki Tokiko gave instructions and dispatched a cute girl with a side tail to the back of the auditorium.
Guessing the meaning, Shiina was pleased.
That girl was, if she remembered correctly, Ranjou Satsuki, a girl who was famous for being terrifyingly strong despite being a first year.
(Please…. Help Momochi…!)
Shiina closed her eyes and began to worship the back of the running Satsuki.
(Instead of me… now… please)
I have to get stronger, she swore with tears in the corners of her eyes.
Even though she closed her eyes, her surroundings got excited and erupted, and in the unstoppable excitement, it was fully transmitted that Kanzaki Tokiko and the others were making a big offensive.
A triumphant mood spread throughout the martial arts stadium.
Even those who were selfishly startled and embraced each other were carried by their spirits and sent their acclamations to the battlefield.
At that time—they received a gift called despair from Zhixin.
Something came flying from outside and the window glass broke loudly.
Those who were in the nearby gallery suddenly ran away.
The identity of the thing that came flying was a sword with a sinister sword blade.
With an unstoppable momentum, it went through the second martial arts stadium and broke the window on the other side.
None of the sudden events gave them a clear understanding of what happened.
Instead, a scream came from elsewhere.
– Look! What is that!? Noooooooooooo!
A first-year girl pointed at it and everyone paid attention.
Shiina was drawn in too.
Just outside the window on the other side, where everyone gathered to support Kanzaki Tokiko and the others—
There was something indescribable, like a monkey, like a clay doll.
It wasn’t one or two.
A huge number enough to cover the entire window of the large martial arts stadium completely.
Those things broke the windows all at once and rushed inside the building.
From the back of the martial arts stadium, namely, from the direction of the back of the school grounds, they surged forward endlessly.
Bizarre clay dolls making sharp creaking sounds.
Every last one of them held weapons in their hands and attacked while brandishing them happily.
Shiina could do nothing but being lost for words.
– W-what happened to the mystical baaaarrier!?
– Why are these things coming inside!?
– Weren’t we absolutely saaaaaafe!?

Everyone panicked, and the inside of the building became a melting pot of screams, angry roars and curses in an instant.
The shock that this place, which was believed to be an inviolable sanctuary, was nothing more than a castle made of sand, stole their normal thinking.
They didn’t even know where to escape.
The outside was a battlefield, and the inside was a battlefield.
Yes, the academy had transformed into a synonym for hell—

Chapter 8: Storm and Lightning

– Your present quickly arrived over there.
– That is splendid.
With the words of Louise, who controlled multiple bird-type familiars and was playing the role of the messenger, Zhixin got to know that the mission assigned to him had been accomplished.
The two devils chuckled to themselves in the narrow path that became a valley halfway down the hill.
– Well then, I will be taking my leave first. Please give my best regards to Leonard-sama.
– By the way, what if you bring back that “man-eating” young lady? An interesting Evil Spirit-class can be created.
– Hahaa…. While the young lady’s cursed sword is interesting, I do not have the feeling that a big thing will be born from her.
– You know the saying “don’t knock it till you’ve tried it”, right? The truth of research.
– Good gracious, Louise-sama is absolutely terrifying.
Zhixin took an idle attitude, but Louise suddenly yelled in surprise,
– Hey! Who are you!?
She asked someone to identify themselves.
Zhixin also felt a weak—a really weak presence like a ghost and turned around as if he was struck. The blind Zhixin couldn’t see him, but there was a boy.
Even if he could see him, he was an unknown person, his name was Taketsuru Uisuke.
In the end, worried about Leshya, he hid in the vicinity, pretending to be heading to the academy, and after watching her fight with Zhixin attentively and his worries coming true, he waited for the moment when Zhixin lowered his guard.
When Zhixin threw the cursed sword to the academy, he held the fainted Leshya.
– Excuse me! You drew near without me feeling any presence at all! What a splendid □Rentei□! And Kung Fu!
Being **honestly** surprised, Zhixin admired him from the **bottom of his heart**.
– Don’t admire him and catch him!

Louise shouted in anger, but the presence of Taketsuru holding Leshya disappeared in the blink of an eye, leaving no trace.
Even Zhixin, who was confident in his 【Divine Hearing】, almost didn't hear his footsteps.
He didn't know who he was, but he was probably some type of expert spy or assassin.
– Chase him!
– Even if you tell me so.
Zhixin jumped back from where he was while complaining.
Seconds later, something like a cannonball landed on the ground.
A blast and a roaring sound exploded violently.
– Now I have completely lost sight of hi──no, I do not hear him anymore.
If he hadn't avoided it, he would have been hit directly, and yet, Zhixin smiled without taking notice of it.
After that, cannonball-like things came flying one after another, but he continued dodging them while smiling.
The identity of the cannonballs was a personal *mana* bombardment shot from a higher place than here.
As Taketsuru was hidden, watching over Leshya, the others were working separately.
First, Nosada carried Kamekichi on his back, separated from the *Shirogane* teachers and looked for a place with a good view suitable for bombardment.
Then, Kamekichi manifested a saber that he had been carrying around recently, and the turtle tank-shaped golem 【Liberation】.
As arranged, Taketsuru determined the best moment to help Leshya while the bombardment helped him to escape.
Since he didn't know that Zhixin had lost both eyes, it was a product of good luck that Zhixin was disturbed by the bombardment sounds, but the rating of this "friendly coordination" had no weak spots.
Seeing that Taketsuru had escaped safely, Kamekichi and the others withdrew quickly.
They didn't think a thing like that would stop an S-Rank monster, he was beyond their capabilities.
Of course, Zhixin didn't know such circumstances,
– Well, I shall give up.
Luckily, the bombardment stopped, and he impudently suggested so to Louise.
– You unexpectedly and flatly refused to do so…? But I heard you were a more vengeful man. If you had kidnapped that older sister, wouldn't it have turned into a good revenge against Moroha-kun?
Louise's way of speaking was as if to say he misjudged him, but,
– I am not such a hardworking person. I am sorry, but it is beyond my duties.
Zhixin replied frivolously.
– I cannot agree with you…

However, as if still hanging onto it, Louise got quite fed up and interrupted his words.
– With your permission—let me tell you one good thing.
– Why so formal?
– If one day Louise-sama plans to defeat Haimura-sama, you shall never offend that person.
– Isn’t that a contradiction?
– Maybe. However, if you do not challenge him to what is virtually impossible, Haimura-sama will not kill you. These are the heartfelt words of a foolish clown who misjudged the true value of a dragon and infuriated it.
Zhixin smoothly stroked his eyes with a funny gesture and went back staggeringly just like when he came.
– Then, I will take my leave.
And lastly, he left those few words.

A small sword on a small body.
However, Satsuki’s *power* was unbelievable, and the power of her 「Venus」 was now among the top five in the academy.
If swung once, the atmosphere would buzz, and if swung twice, it would wind.
Seeing Satsuki’s fighting style, Leonard held down his cowboy hat and said a few words.
「Uwaa. Are you an electric fan, young lady!?」
「Stop paying attention to it, and don’t question every single thing!!」
Satsuki got mad and waved her sword around.
But Leonard dodged it lightly.
It wasn’t possible for the tank-type Satsuki to make the sword graze Leonard who specialized in speed.
It didn’t make sense to come to assist them especially with this.
「—And you considered it, right?」
Satsuki polished and enhanced her *prana* while waving around her sword and released it from the sword blade.

She put the golden brilliance on the violently swung sword and attacked Leonard with a storm of destruction.
Ancestral Arts Light Technique, 「Jupiter」.
This was Satsuki's signature move, who tended to have too much *power*.
If a swing didn't land, then a thrust might—*
*TN: This sentence was just completely hard to translate as it was, and it would be difficult to understand. So, I interpreted it based on the kanji employed, however, my approach may still be wrong. My apologies.
A method to deal with speed-specialized types, which she learned from her daily bouts with Haruka. Its power was several levels lower than that of 「Venus」, but it should work well against Haruka and Leonard who had poor defense.
「How is it!?」
A golden gust of wind rampaged extensively and swallowed up Leonard in an instant.
「Yeah, it is what I thought it would come!」
—It gave her the impression of being an afterimage.
The real body went around behind Satsuki.
Her back was cut and screamed a little due to the stinging pain.
To think that he would dodge 「Jupiter」.
「How fast are you!?」
「How tough are you!?」
Saying the same thing splendidly, their voices criticized each other.
Satsuki was indignant. Leonard smiled wryly.
But their eyes gave off sparks.
Leonard's specialized weapon was a very ordinary sword that could be held in the right hand.
He had another one, but since Satsuki came running to support, he never pulled it out, not even once.
Leonard put his left hand on the other one that looked like his last resort for the first time.
「I won't let you pull it out!」
Right at that moment, Haruka ran at a gale-like speed and stabbed him from the flank.
When Leonard dodged it like a bullfighter, Isurugi slashed at him again.
「Come on man, give me a moment!」
Leonard laughed happily while dodging it with composure.
Even though three people slashed at him one after another, they couldn't catch hold of him.
Leonard walked around freely, making full use of the wide space behind the auditorium and behind the second school building.
On the contrary, Satsuki, Haruka and Isurugi were being damaged steadily.
Were the speed-specialized *Shiroganes* that powerful?
Satsuki couldn't help but be shocked to see Leonard who wasn't worried at all in this three-on-one battle.

(We cannot keep going like this…)
This enemy seemed like it wouldn’t be defeated unless they came up with something.
– How about not only surrounding him, but also slashing at him at the same time!?
Satsuki suggested to Haruka and Isurugi in Japanese, a language that Leonard didn’t understand.
– If I do so it with you, I’m scared that we’ll be hitting each other.
– You trust me so little!?
What do you mean by that? She protested to Haruka.
– I suggest you to save this trivial quarrel for later.
Isurugi shot a 『Mars』 lightning at Leonard while scolding them very seriously.
Estimating so, Leonard escaped from his line of sight before he was struck.
As Isurugi pursued him,
– But I got a good hint.
– Eh!? Just now!?
– Ranjou, release 『Jupiter』 in rapid succession. Don’t go for a knockout, just control your *prana* and hit him ceaselessly!
– Is it my idea or even the captain is treating me as an electric fan!?
Satsuki was shocked, but,
– You’re a tank-type, that’s why you can do it.
The face of Isurugi seen from the side who was running after Leonard was seriousness itself.
In the first place, this captain wasn’t the type who made fun of others.
– I-I guess I’ll be doing just that.
Getting desperate, Satsuki swung her sword with vigor as if drawing 『∞』 with it.
Pouring *power* in small amounts, she released 『Jupiter』 which had almost no power and could only be used to contain towards Leonard incessantly.
Leonard saw the storms that came attacking him one after another like waves,
『This… is ba…』
For the first time, his look stiffened.
Satsuki didn’t fail to notice the clicking of his tongue.
Leonard avoided the first wave of 『Jupiter』 at a wonderful speed and managed to avoid the second wave, but he struggled with the third wave and suffered with the fourth wave.
『Shit…, are you kidding me…』
Since it had almost no power, Leonard could defend against it with his 『High Durability』, but his speed plunged under the storms.
Isurugi went after him without delay.
He plunged into the fury of Satsuki’s 『Jupiter』 without hesitation.
– Captain!?
– Don’t worry. Keep attacking, including me.

Hearing that, Satsuki understood.
Isurugi's 【High Durability】 could withstand something like a low-powered 【Jupiter】.
It didn't mean that it wouldn't hurt, but the captain had impressive guts.
Leonard, who ate the storm amply and stopped in his tracks, was finally caught and slashed.
Leonard held the cowboy hat with his left hand and counterattacked with the sword in his left hand, but he was noticeably at a disadvantage in front of the strong sword of Isurugi. He was being overwhelmed.
He appeared to have no choice but to endure it until the wind subsided, but unfortunately, Satsuki's *prana* was inexhaustible.
With a 【Jupiter】 of this level, she could go and on.
– We, we won! Satsuki-chan can really be a reinforcement!
– No, wait…. Is this strategy safe…?
Haruka, who would be as useless as Leonard if she were to enter the storm zone, came next to Satsuki, feeling uneasy.
Satsuki didn't understand what she meant.
Since Leonard was caught for the first time, and they suffered to even see his face, was this tactic the right one? Or was there really no other way?
Given that Haruka couldn't come up with an alternate plan, shouldn't she just be silent and keep an eye on him?
She thought so, but she immediately realized the reason why she was worried.
Leonard's cowboy hat was swept away by the golden storms.
This happened because he stopped holding it down with his left hand.
Instead, he drew his hand near the sword worn on the hip.
Somehow or other, he managed to parry Isurugi's strong sword with the sword in his right hand, and with his left hand, he pulled out the other one.
As for the other one, it surprisingly had no sword blade.
Satsuki opened her eyes wide in surprise.
The other one spouted lightning from the tip of the guard on the sword, replacing a sword blade.
It intersected with Leonard's *prana* and a blue lightning sword appeared.
– What is that Yin Yang!?
– Look! I mean, lighting comes after flames, this guy is really similar to Moroha….
Haruka butted in to support her, but she was blocked by the storms caused by Satsuki and stopped moving.
Now Isurugi himself had no choice but to do something about that imitation of a Yin Yang.
– Ooooo….
Isurugi roared.
The wide-edged sword was brimming with lightning.

Readiness filled his facial expression, and it could be inferred that he was compelled to challenge this development, which Haruka was concerned about, by taking into account that it would occur.
「This time, I'll decide it with my Finisher!!」
Leonard also roared.
Swinging their swords with all their might, Isurugi's purple lightning sword and Leonard's blue lightning sword collided head-on.
The flashes of light collided and exploded even more violently.
Satsuki, unable to keep her eyes open, stopped swinging her sword and covered her eyes.
Then, scrutinized with 「Clairvoyance」.
「「Oooooooooooooooooooh!」」
As if having their mouths open wasn't enough, both Isurugi and Leonard let out a war cry from the bottom of their bodies and locked swords with a drive as if loading their whole selves into the blades.
No, victory itself arrived in an instant like a flash of lightning.
The force Isurugi and Leonard wore was tremendous, it was so strong to the eye that one stopped in their tracks if looking at them.
To the extent of making the sense of time go wild.
Before the eyes of Satsuki and Haruka, the purple lightning sword was pushed back by the blue lightning sword.
The wide-edged sword shattered.
Isurugi's tall body was hit by the aftermath of electric shock and impact, and was blown backwards.
The aftermath wouldn't be settled by that alone, and the second building further in the back was trampled down and partially destroyed.
Isurugi was thrown violently against the ground.
Making a sound, he made the surface wall of the school building collapse.
While looking at them, Leonard sheathed the sword, went to the cowboy hat, dusted it off, put it back on,
「Like I thought, I won」
He triumphed with a cheerful smile.
Isurugi, still laying down on the ground, didn't move.
However, he was conscious, and looked up at Leonard.
His whole body was numb, he couldn't move normally or say something.
On the other hand, Leonard,
「Be proud. Your sword saved your life」
He had the leeway to comfort him, saying that Isurugi's purple lightning sword had offset the power of Finisher to some extent.
Satsuki and Haruka couldn't move either.
They were absolutely astonished by the haphazardness of Finisher's power.
Moreover.
Suddenly, they heard screams from the martial arts stadium as if they had seen the end of the world.

Hundreds of screams reached them, crossing over a distance that wasn't in any way short.
Immediately after Isurugi suffered damage, this strange occurrence caused both Satsuki and Haruka to feel shaken.
「It looks like my boss has finished his work」
Leonard was the only one who muttered that indifferently.
「Who's your boss!? What do you mean by work!?」
「It's nothing ostentatious. He just crushed the mystical barrier spread in the martial arts stadium」
「Huuuuh!? Why did he do such a terrible thing!?」
「Heheh, you sure ask a lot. Listen, alright? We came to crush Akane Academy. Yeah, it's rather ambiguous, we talked about how we would crush it and each person would do as they liked. Since we're having fun as much as we like, if you're caught while doing so, you'd be crushed. I came to play with you. However, Louise is a stubborn woman, she wants to play dolls with all the students. If that's the case, then that martial arts stadium is in the way after all」
「You guys are evil!」
Satsuki screamed and turned around towards the martial arts stadium.
「No, we're demons」
Leonard was amused, but he wasn't heard.
There were still four golems that were giving them quite a hard time.
What if they changed their attack targets and attacked ordinary students?
Her spine trembled just by imagining so.
—Nevertheless.
The scene around the martial arts stadium was far beyond Satsuki's imagination.
Even if she looked to the left or right, monkey-like dolls filled her field of vision.
They swarmed the ordinary students and attacked while swinging their weapons like toys.
Slashing them with swords and stabbing them with spears, blood sprays danced everywhere in her field of vision.
Even the students fought back, but the monkeys were extremely tough.
Even if they cut them with swords, their wounds were healed immediately like clay.
Even if they cut off their limbs, they immediately picked them up and put them together.
Even if they were cut in half, they still put themselves together.
Piercing them with spears was naturally useless too. They slashed back without feeling pain.
They could be defeated if they were smashed to atoms with a powerful 「Venus」, but they, who were D-Rank, weren't prodigies in the first place.
The fear of fighting unbeatable enemies gnawed at the students' spirit.
Moreover, the enemies were unusual and numerous.

As if they had fallen into the illusion of getting lost in a zombie movie.
If they cooled off, the attack power of each monkey wouldn’t be a big ideal, and the D-Rank *Shiroganes* would probably be able to defend themselves, but they broke down.
The only single thing that was effective was attacking by means of Dark Arts.
Having immediately discovered that they were particularly weak to flames, the *Kuromas* shot flames at them.
However, they also succumbed to fear and shot recklessly, dragging even their allies into the flames.
A situation of complete panic.
A boy, who got his abdomen pierced by the spear of a clay doll, screamed.
A girl who was injured by her best friend screamed.
A boy whose arm was cut off and lost in a melee fight searched for it while ranting and raving.
A girl whose back was struck by the flames of her allies suffered with a piercing cry.
The peers cursed at each other, and angry roars flew about.
It was like a pandemonium.
The students who were barricading themselves in the first, second and third martial arts stadium didn’t endure it and took to their heels.
Surrounded by clay dolls as far as the eye could see, they were about to sit down hard in despair.
But—
– Up! Get to the roof!
They heard a voice like a thread hanging from heaven.
Everyone obeyed the order, losing control of themselves. *Shiroganes* jumped with 「Godlike Movement」, *Kuromas* became lighter with 「Decrease Weight」 and crawled up to the roof of the second martial arts stadium.
In the place that formed a gentle slope and spread in a round shape,
– Form a circle at the edge of the roof!
– Knock down the clay dolls! Do not let them climb!
– Take deep breaths and calm down! Then send a rain of Dark Arts towards them!
– Carry the injured inside the formation! Depending on their state, 「Healing」 is the highest priority!
The ones who issued instructions and saved the ordinary students were the teachers and the member of *Strikers* who played a central part, the Demon Vice-Captain Kanzaki Tokiko. Just as you’d expect from them, they had already shifted the battlefield to the roof to deal with the clay dolls so that they weren’t swallowed by the sea of their numbers.
(They aren’t panicking for the moment, but…)
Shizuno wiped the sweat on her forehead while breathing heavily.
She secured a position on the top part of the roof and took a small rest next to Tokiko who issued instructions in a loud voice.

Due to completely unknown reasons, when they learned that the mystical barrier was destroyed by Leprazan that came flying, Shizuno and the others got all synchronized without preparing anything in advance, stopped defending and attacked Leopard Head and the three other golems.
It was evident that those four powerful golems would bare their fangs at the ordinary students and that bodies would be piled up everywhere.
And they won the bet.
Up to that moment, they had piled up damage on them, and were able to defeat all four of them.
However, in return, the reliable *Shiroganes* such as Manako and Makibayashi received serious wounds and Nargravitz went down together with Leopard Head while protecting Shizuno.
If Tokiko had accepted Takenaka's whines and the *Strikers* and all the teachers had withdrawn to the martial arts stadium—if they hadn't eliminated any of the seven golems, more than half of the students would be dead by now.
They used the terrain of the roof and held it desperately.
They knocked down the clay dolls crawling up and wiped them out from above with Dark Arts.
They weren't in danger for now, but at any rate, the clay dolls came around one after another.
While each one of them was weak, they were terrifyingly inexhaustible.
When Shizuno fought against 『Les Élements』, Dario 『Le Gas』 Verratti controlled a large number of worthless gas golems.
If Louise Saint-Germain had done the same thing, but at a scale like this….
Shizuno looked up at the sky.
The familiar wasn't there, meaning that Louise hadn't returned yet, but she said 『Wait』. Didn't this mean that it was to summon this inexhaustible army?
– A race against time, huh….
It was the same as the castle siege from many years ago.
The moment the fatigue of the ordinary students reached its limit, they would be in danger of collapsing immediately.
Whether or not reinforcements were to come by then was the decisive factor for victory.
– Those hard heads! Both Momochi and Ranjou are putting up with it, and yet, what the hell are they doing!?
Tokiko tapped her foot impatiently.
– We got in touch with Taketsuru and the others. The Russian student only got her sword stolen, she's not in a critical condition. However, a blow was driven into her head, so they seem to be worried about moving her. He's coming back with Nosada, they left some people with her to treat her and guard her just in case. It'll take some time, but….
Doujima informed them while putting his mobile phone away.

– More importantly, Haimura-kun! If he was here… goddammit, what's going on!?
Takenaka stopped giving first-aid treatment to Manako and scratched his head.
– We can't count on Haimura anymore.
Tokiko affirmed in a severe voice.
Shizuno and everyone were attracted to her and shifted their attention to the school building.
Following the collapse of the auditorium, the second school building had also been partially destroyed.
The first school building and the school affairs building still looked safe, but was that really the case?
It was definitely strange that Moroha, who should have come running first using 「Transportal」, hadn't come yet.
It was natural to think that something had happened to the principal who was in the school affairs building.
No, they should be prepared for that so as to not be optimistic.
– ….
Shizuno assumed the worst-case scenario again, imagined something and sank into silence.
It was fortunate that Satsuki, Leshya, Maya or Haruka weren't here.
At worst, she would be the only one who would die.
This wouldn't make Moroha sad.
(… This is wrong. This is plain timidness)
It was completely different from assuming the worst-case scenario and preparing for it.
– Did you rest enough, Urushibara?
– Yes.
Immediately replying to the Demon Vice-Captain, Shizuno straightened up her back.
– Kanzaki-senpai is considerably overworked, is she not?
– The way I train is different from you rookies. I'll protect the south side. Can you take care of the north side?
– Yes.
They turned their backs on each other and started walking with each other's feelings in their hearts.
Shizuno's destination was right behind the school building.
The half-destroyed second building was in the way, becoming a blind spot, but Satsuki was probably struggling hard with her small body there.
(At least while you're doing your best, I can't lose either, can I?)
Shizuno bravely made a dimple that no one could see, and began to write characters in the empty sky.
Satsuki muttered as she stared astonished in the direction of the martial arts stadium.
– **Shizuno**… everyone….

She was scolded by Haruka.
– Pull yourself together, Satsuki!
– B-but….
The screams that sounded like deeply held resentment and rode upon the winds from there never stopped.
Nay, it felt like they got louder moment by moment.
She wanted to return right now.
But she mustn't leave Isurugi who couldn't move and Leonard who was more dangerous than the golems alone.
(If only there were two of me…)
She thought, biting her lips, realizing there was a better way.
As Haruka said. She had to pull herself together.
Satsuki turned around towards Leonard.
She scowled at the man who brought down Isurugi and who seemed to have completely lost his fighting spirit.
「I'll knock you down right now and get you to let me help everyone」
「Hee. I don't hate your guts. Well, not that I want to hear about it but—are they that important?」
「Excuse me?」
「You see, before I came here, I was prepared to be surrounded by 100 or 200 people, but, like I thought. When I opened the lid, it was as Shiba-san says. Most of the brats stayed indoors, holding their knees and cowering in fear, right? They're scum, a disgrace to the 「Saviors」. The young lady and the others are the *real deal*, which is strange. Is it so important to save the scum?」
「… I'm disgusted」
Satsuki shook her shoulders with anger.
Haruka sided with her.
Satsuki replied.
「Not every single person is as strong as you. But they aren't scum! They won't be equally weak tomorrow. That's why this academy exists and why we're learning!」
「Those who don't have a backbone, aren't prepared to get stronger and don't risk their lives will never go beyond that, no matter how many years pass. 「Getting stronger」 isn't something you do half-heartedly, young lady!」
As if being unable to let it pass, Leonard strengthened his tone.
「Aren't I right? If it's you guys, like I thought, you can understand that, right?」
Furthermore, he asked for consent to Isurugi who was still lying face down.
While being numb, Isurugi frowned and squeezed out his voice to the best of his ability.
「He… clea… red… my… sky… covered… in… dark… ness…. Every… one… has… a… second… chance…」
「Tch」

Not being able to get the response he expected, Leonard clicked his tongue in a low volume as if he was betrayed.
On the contrary, Satsuki felt like she was encouraged and pitched forward a half step.
She had an idea of what Isurugi called 「He」.
The appearance of that person. Came to her mind.
His smile.
His voice.
「The person I know well is the strongest in the world. From that person's point of view, I'm like a water flea. But that person always tells me that I 「Can absolutely be strong」. Day after day, he teaches me a lot of things. He trains me. Even if my ability to learn is bad, and that I'm not growing at all, that person never thinks that I'm scum. On the contrary, he says 「Don't be impatient」」
「Yeah… that's true」
Every time Satsuki said a few words, Haruka, who was by her side, bowed her head in assent. She agreed.
She sincerely became her friend. And encouraged her.
Satsuki threw out her chest imposingly,
Thrust her finger straight at Leonard,
Pierced him with a strong gaze,
And sincerely told him.
「We're not scum. If we make a mistake, the carpet will be pulled from under us someday. The ones that will defeat you crushingly will be us!」
*TN: The "we're" in "we're not scum" is the furigana reading for Akane Academy students, the "you" in "defeat you" is the furigana reading for Six Wings and the "us" in "will be us" is the furigana reading for Akane Academy.
Leonard was silent. They just stared at each other intently. The glint in his eyes was also sharp. But she wasn't overawed.
If she was overawed, then the words she said just now would become a lie.
She would end up losing to Leonard's words.
Eventually—
「You got me」
It was Leonard who turned his gaze away.
Lying face down, he hid his face with the brim of the cowboy hat,
「Big caustic words. They have courage. They're hard to believe, they go against my *policy*」
He crushed the top of the hat with his left hand and immediately threw it away.
He unsheathed Finisher with his left hand.
Satsuki pulled herself on guard at the same time as Haruka.
Isurugi tried to stand up, however, being unable to move yet, he got impatient.
Leonard made a serious facial expression, and held Finisher in one hand.

From the source of the immaterial sword, wind swirled and gushed out.
「A compromise proposal. The scum will be killed here. The ones who survive will be recognized as the *real thing*. I'm Leonard Van Percy. Resent me. Don't forget me. And all those who survive, get stronger and come after me」
The whirlwind revolution that replaced a sword blade became faster and stronger.
Leonard poured blue *prana* into it, then again. And again.
When the sword was held up high in the sky, the blue storm sword blade let loose its violence.
It was as if the *power* of a tornado was condensed there.
A strong wind was created in all directions, and Satsuki's hair flapped violently.
Five years ago, when Leonard was still part of the American Division.
Nobody could match him in interpersonal battles, but in battles against 「Metaphysicals」, he often conceded that role to the four musketeers.
Because the speed-specialized type lacked heavy blows.
Due to this, no matter how much time passed, he would never be able to subdue 「Metaphysicals」 by himself.
Therefore, he pursued 「The absolute blow」.
He kept looking for it.
His covetousness and craving gave a strong *inspiration* to the American Division Head Arlene, making her create one magic sword.
And that was Finisher.
The biggest feature of the immaterial sword was the special construction of the handle.
The grip was equipped with a trigger and a cylinder, and 6 bullets could be loaded into it.
No live ammunition could be loaded into it. But Dark Arts itself.
He got another 「Dark Savior」 to load offensive Dark Arts into it, and he pulled the trigger.
Leonard's own *prana* could be poured into it to ignite the power.
Also, this time, two shots were prepared, one shot was already used when Isurugi did a complete electrical discharge but it was possible to turn a defensive Dark Art like 「Stormbringer's Protection」 into a bullet.
Only 6 shots. Even so, they were 6 shots.
It was enthralling because it had limitations, and it was worthwhile mastering it.
During his time in the American Division, he got the A-Rank called Francesc to prepare bullets.
The extremely fast Leonard obtained a heavy blow and gave free rein to the strongest name in the United States.
Now, the bullet was loaded with Louise's *mana*—the 9th PSG who surpassed Lightning Empress.
It was certainly 「An absolute blow」.

The moment he put the finger on the trigger, he even felt the sensation that his fingertips touched the heavens he was aiming for!
「The one who really gets stronger—is the one who crawls up and hangs on the depths of despair」
Leonard held the blue storm sword aloft.
His eyes weren't looking at Satsuki or Haruka, but the martial arts stadium in the distance.
To annihilate them, and lifted the corners of his mouth like the Devil.
– As if I'll let you!
Haruka rushed out to block it.
To stop Finisher before it was swung down.
Haruka, who should have been next to Satsuki, moved to the front of Leonard in the blink of an eye.
Getting a skill before she knew, she closed in on the enemy with the way of walking Shukuchi, grabbed it—and Leonard's figure disappeared like mist.
「The rare 「Hagun」 is so predictable, like I thought, it makes me cry!」
The real body dodged Haruka, it was already entering the motion of swinging down the blue storm sword.
At this rate, they would end up being killed.
At this rate, they would end up dying.
Shizuno.
Tokiko and Manako.
Her companions of *Strikers*.
Everyone from her class.
The teachers.
Everyone at Akane Academy.
—Remember.
(What did I say today?)
Her older brother, whom she loved forever, was a man who disliked boasting.
He was a man who put actions before words.
A man who always, but always achieved what he said, even if he departed from that principle.
If so, Satsuki had to be a woman like that.
—Remember.
(I said it today)
– This I will definitely protect you!
She said it again.
A trigger of determination and resolution.
The gates of her whole body were opened.
Seven gates would open to pump out the strength that led to God, resting in the body of a *Shirogane*.
Satsuki thought she had mastered the basics long ago. She thought of those around her.
She completely jumped to a wrong conclusion. A misunderstanding.

The seven gates residing in Satsuki’s body were no more than half open.
They were half idle.
A revolution would occur in Satsuki for the first time since the last summer training camp.
From the right hand, left hand, right foot, left foot, glabella, point below the navel—to the heart.
All seven gates were completely opened, and Satsuki’s body was clad in a golden glitter.
A perfect, pure and innocent golden brilliance gushed out.
With a momentum that pierced the heavens in an instant!
– Haaaaaaaaaaaaa….
She poured the *prana* that overflowed even if it was pumped out and pumped out into one point of the sword.
The smallish Arciel was unable to accept it, and it overflowed even more, making it look like *prana* formed a sword blade.
Satsuki, being absorbed in it, raised the golden sword overhead and swung it down.
To counter Leonard’s blue storm sword, she also unleashed a 【Storm】*.
*TN: Storm is the furigana reading for Jupiter.
Due to the release shock, Arciel shattered into pieces.
A golden storm blew violently.
At the same time, Leonard swung down Finisher.
A storm of blue radiance blew violently.
And the two storms collided head-on.
Wind blew. And howled. And intensified.
The aftermath, and even the remnants fighting against each other’s power, colliding and scattering in all directions, were tremendous.
Haruka, unable to stand on her feet, lay flat on the ground and clung to it like Isurugi.
Both Satsuki’s unleashed storm and Leonard’s unleashed storm shone brilliantly and glittered as if competing for supremacy.
It was so dazzling, Haruka couldn’t keep her eyes open anymore. It was useless to even use 【Clairvoyance】.
Lying face down, she let the storm go past devotedly while trembling.
Like a child waiting eagerly for the hurricane to pass.
Gold and blue radiance.
The battle between the two storms wasn’t decided so easily.
The balance didn’t tilt to either side, they were perfectly an equal match for each other, reaching a stalemate.
Like the battle of strong men forming a scrum in rugby.
It was like a sword lock between masters.
As there was no evident winner—in the end, they both used up all their strength.
They completely died down, leaving behind a small whirlwind.
Like the storm itself.

It blew violently, trampled down the surroundings, doing whatever it pleased, and went away as if by magic.
It cleared up perfectly.
Haruka raised her face, which was pointing downwards, and opened her half-closed eyes.
Was the weather that cloudless today? She wondered, feeling bitter as she looked in her memory.
And as she felt bitter, she stared at Satsuki who put a hand on her knee and breathed heavily.
Leonard also stared at the absentminded Satsuki.
– What a bad joke….
Having his mouth open, he looked at the traces of the storm.
Finisher, that defeated even the famous Isurugi Jin easily and dealt with him like a baby, was stopped by a girl whose name he didn't know.
「… No, is it the opposite? Yes, that makes it interesting」
Leonard bent the corners of his mouth.
If that's the case, I'm not going to stop. He laughed, letting out a sound in which pleasant feelings welled up.
(This is my best chance, like I thought)
He had shot all four offensive bullets, and Shiba acquired the target quickly.
Leonard was told that it was OK to have fun to his heart's content, **but today was really fun**.
In the end, he got to see good stuff, he was already stuffed.
Still laughing uncontrollably, he turned on his heels and looked for his cowboy hat.
He clicked his tongue. He couldn't find it because it vanished with the storm.
He had just bought it the other day, but—it wasn't a big deal.
Leonard looked back one last time.
Satsuki, who was still completely exhausted, looked around Haruka and Isurugi who were still lying down on the ground,
「I memorized your faces. The next time, we'll go at it until one side dies」
He raised his thumb.
Then, like the wind, he left Akane Academy.
– We… did… it….
Satsuki sat down hard right where she was.
With the threat called Leonard disappearing, she lost strength.
In all honesty, she couldn't even put out *prana* normally, probably because she poured all of her power into today's blows.
In fact, the enormous amount of power overflowing from the seven gates surprised her body deeply, so it ended up closing the gates with a defensive reaction, but Satsuki couldn't reflect on her own condition to that extent.
She willfully agreed that she had run out of gas.
She protected everyone from Finisher, she felt fully accomplished.
– Momo-senpai, I did my best, didn't I?

Still sitting down hard on the floor, she reached her hands to Haruka.
– Yeah. I saw you. You were amazing.
Haruka crawled along while still lying face down.
– What are you doing?
– To be honest, I can't stand up.
The two of them looked at each other, burst into laughter at the same time, and did a high five.
– I'm, glad, but, I'm sorry too──
The voice of Isurugi.
Without the numbness going away, he appealed, as if he devoted all of his body and soul just to talk.
– I'm, worried, about, Kanzaki, and, the others.
– That's right! This isn't over yet!
Satsuki stood up as if bouncing.
This wasn't the case to sink down to the ground.
– I'm sorry, for making you, do this.
– It's not like Captain Isurugi hasn't done anything, is it!?
– She's right. I don't know what would have happened to me if the Captain hadn't come.
– Time, is precious. I'll… leave it to you.
Satsuki and Haruka were surprised.
Satsuki, whose *prana* hadn't recovered, and Haruka, the girl she helped up and whose legs and loins were still trembling, headed to the martial arts stadium while supporting each other, placing their arms around each other's shoulders.
After Satsuki and Haruka left, Isurugi turned his face down to the ground and grinded his teeth.
He hit the ground with his right fist.
But he was still numb, so he could only hit it weakly.
And pitiably.

The collision between Satsuki's and Leonard's strength was also visible from the roof of the martial arts stadium*.

*TN: Strength is the furigana reading for storm.
They didn’t know what had happened, but the strong winds that blew even there confused the students as they fought back the clay dolls.
Only one person, Shizuno, believed to see a golden and brilliant storm.
(Satsuki… you’re doing your best, aren’t you?)
Saying that she couldn’t lose, and the very moment when she started a new Dark Art, Shizuno felt uncomfortable.
The movement of the clay dolls attacking the martial arts stadium incessantly grew dull all of a sudden.
People from all places began to say 「What happened?」 and 「What’s wrong?」 in confusion.
It wasn’t her imagination.
The movement of the clay dolls became more and more strange, like a movie played in slow motion.
Eventually, they lost their human form and crumbled while making a sound, melted and returned to plain mud.
Even the weapons they were holding returned to mud.
A great sea of mud spread around the martial arts stadium.
What was left behind was a strange object. A bizarre scene.
Countless red jewels floated in the air, as if only the hearts of the mud dolls remained there.
Those also went away in the direction of the back of the academy, like surging waves returning.
– Hooooraaaayyyy!
– They’re running away!
– We won! We won!
– I’m so glad we survived!
Cheers of immense joy were given by the students who saw that.
With a sense of liberation that they had returned alive from hell, they danced wildly.
(We won? Really?)
Only one person, Shizuno, wasn’t engulfed by that mood.
As for Shizuno’s eyes, those red jewels didn’t appear to be defeated and routing.
Rather, she felt a military-like order to reach their strategic objectives and withdraw orderly.
Those red jewels were probably golems that had the property of turning into moving dolls by wearing the surrounding mud.
There was no doubt that it was Louise’s instigation because she could control a large amount of them at once.
Then why did she make them withdraw?
It wasn’t like the mud dolls were at a disadvantage.
Outside of that, she had a reason to make them withdraw.
Yes, for example—

What if she couldn’t afford to turn *mana* into mud dolls and control powerful golems?
What if the mud dolls earned time until that golem was taken along?
By the time her thought reached that conclusion, it was already too late.
She didn’t have time to raise the alarm.
The silver bird came back.
The witch’s familiar returned.
Gracefully, and in a big way, it swirled over Akane Academy.
– Thaank yoouu foor waiitiing! Ufufu, may I apologize for my poor preparations? Did you get bored?
In the mirror that replaced a head, Louise chuckled to herself in a playful way.
At the same time, the familiar golem let go of a saber that was holding on both feet.
It slowly fell onto the school building.
The point of the sword danced and danced in the air.
Then, Louise in the mirror chanted impishly.
– 【Liberation】.
In an instant, the saber shed a flash of light.
It became red hot like melted iron, and changed its shape.
It was similar to the process of making a weapon manifest from the ID Tag of a *Shirogane*.
Not only it changed its form, its volume increased endlessly.
It expanded and expanded and expanded and **expanded**….
When it was about to fall onto the school building, its size exceeded 10 meters——
Its appearance turned into a dragon of light.
An oriental dragon with no wings, short limbs and a long torso.
– Ufuh. What do you think? It’s oriental and very beautiful, isn’t it?
A thunder dragon with no flesh and that created its body with pure lightning.
– Ufuh. It’s mystical and dreadful, don’t you think?
Louise in the mirror smiled gruesomely like the Devil.
– This has been my most favorite doll lately! A doll I made by **crushing a *Dreadnought***! Thanks to that, I received a good scolding from Akira-kun, but I do not regret it at all. I’m sure I’ll get you to be satisfied too! Do you think you can enjoy yourselves with this masterpiece and hold the rejoice of dying in your hearts!?
The huge thunder dragon landed on the roof of the first school building.
And immediately flattened it.
To the point where it looked like it was crushed. The concrete, the reinforced bars, the classrooms, the desks of everyone, the lockers, everything, everything, absolutely everything that touched the lightning dragon’s body evaporated without exception.

Satsuki witnessed that scene on her way towards the martial arts stadium with Haruka,
– No more… please….
She was at a loss.
Had she not been supported by Haruka, she would have tumbled down on the spot.
The emotional uplift for protecting everyone from Leonard vanished in an instant.
No, she endured this action precisely because she had such a hard time repelling Leonard.
Come to think of it, today was the worst day.
They were suddenly attacked by the Six Wings, assaulted by the enemy, shook off sparks, and an even bigger disaster fell onto them. Even if they kept at it, did their best, cooperated and resisted with everyone, Leonard and Louise would then retaliate with a stronger force. Wasn't this going around in circles?
Satsuki stared up intensely at the school building, at Akane Academy, and at the giant dragon that treaded chaotically on her precious possessions.
She looked upward, and without putting her strength into it, she began to cry.
The thunder dragon also glared at her as if it had noticed an ant wandering around at its feet.
Its impressiveness made it feel much bigger, dazzling and even divine.
This giant golem probably used a *Dreadnought* Evil Spirit-class as its source body.
A *Dreadnought*, a monster that should be challenged with all the strength of one division.
The most troublesome class that was mostly unaffected by Light Techniques was the Evil Spirit-class.
An example of it was the appearance of an Evil Spirit-class *Dreadnought* in the past.
An unprecedented crisis struck the British Division.
She remembered hearing in class that they didn't know how many people would have been killed if it wasn't for the "White Knight" who supported the front line almost by himself and protected everyone.
The thunder dragon waved its short hand while looking down directly at them.
Although one called it "short", it was the case when talking about a monster that exceeded ten meters.
It was terrifyingly big and long for Satsuki and the others.
The pressure was so much that she felt like she was crushed by the hand that was just raised overhead.
– R-run away, Satsuki!
– I-I-I-I-I know!

She came to her senses with Haruka’s voice and the two of them turned tail and ran.
She was too desperate, she managed to open the seven gates and used 【Godlike Movement】.
The thunder dragon waved its hand down. It rubbed the ground gently, like a cat coiling around.
It didn’t reach Satsuki or Haruka. It missed.
However, a shock came, which hit their backs.
Haruka, who was ahead, and Satsuki, were blown away and danced in the air.
The thunder dragon just did a light rub, and yet, the ground was dug up very deeply.
Haruka fainted.
They flew and flew to the center of the school grounds together and slammed against it miserably.
They lay down with their arms and legs outstretched.
They were unable to land safely, and despite trying to get up immediately, they couldn’t move a finger.
The blow of the dragon, which was a huge mass of thunder, made the whole body of Satsuki become numb just by grazing her.
It made them admire the heavens in awe.
– Ufuh. Please aim well. Or are you having fun? I wonder if it resembled me in that aspect that much.
The silver bird, which was fluttering about there, scattered Louise’s irritating laughing voice.
– Get rid of those girls quickly. There are still hundreds of people to play with!
At Louise’s command, the thunder dragon began to move slowly.
Every time it crawled, the heat and electric current that made up the dragon’s body hollowed out the ground of their own accord, leaving tracks.
If they were run over by such a thing, it would be the end.
Satsuki made 【Inner Life】 run through her body, but not even the sensation of her fingertips came back.
She stared at the huge body of the dragon approaching meanderingly in blank amazement.
At that moment, a Dark Art of Ice exploded on the face of the thunder dragon.
That was the beginning, offensive Dark Arts flew one after another from the martial arts stadium.
Many voices rooted for her, saying 【Escape quickly!】.
The Dark Art of Ice that took the lead and had been attacking the most violently and incessantly seemed to be Shizuno’s 【Freezing Shade】. There was something that was transmitted to her.
Being showered with a barrage of Dark Arts, the thunder dragon twisted its head, seemingly annoyed.

Honestly, it didn’t look like it was effective. This thunder dragon, which used a *Dreadnought* as its source body, seemed to be as tough as a 【Metaphysical】.
However, the speed at which sidled up to Satsuki dropped dramatically. Everyone that Satsuki protected from Leonard’s Finisher was now protecting Satsuki.
(I have to… escape… while I can… and take Momo-senpai with me!)
Encouraged and invigorated, Satsuki mustered all of her *prana* foolhardily. If she could move even her fingers, it would encourage her heart to move even if she had to crawl.
– Ufuh. The ladies are doing their very best—
But even so, it was the thunder dragon that arrived next to Satsuki first. No matter how hard everyone prevented it from moving, or how much Satsuki mustered all of her *prana*, they cruelly didn’t make it in time.
– —You really stood out. And for that, I’ll congratulate you the best. Ufufuh.
Louise’s ecstatic voice descended incessantly.
The threatening face of the thunder dragon stretching its sickle-shaped neck.
The sound of a pipe organ could be heard from the sky.
Louise in the mirror was playing it.
A funeral march as if to say “Let’s liven up the best show”.
The thunder dragon took its time to open its jaw, as if to terrify her even more.
Satsuki shed large tears from her eyes.
I’m not scared. I’m not scared.
However, it was frustrating. It was nothing but frustrating.
It had been a year since that day, when she was turned into stone by the nine-headed serpent and waited and prayed for her older brother to rescue her.
I haven’t changed anything? Or I haven’t done my best enough?
Such feelings were all jumbled together in her head, and the tears didn’t stop.
The fire support from the martial arts stadium stopped as if they had run out of breath.
Its jaw still open, the head of the thunder dragon finally stretched and drew near.
The funeral march began to run to the climax.
The sound of a huge explosion overshadowed that musical performance.
A buzz similar to the engine sound of a jet plane multiplied by 100.
Not a rumble in the ground, but a sound in the sky.
At the end of Satsuki’s line of sight, beyond the point where the thunder dragon raised its sickle-shaped head, a jet-black shadow cut through the distant height at an unusual speed.
Louise, appearing to be surprised, solidified with her hands put on the keyboard.

Even the thunder dragon made its head twist and looked up at it.
The jet-black shadow instantly went past Akane Academy and disappeared in the distance with the sound of an explosion.
Instead of that, something came down from the sky.
A person.
It was in the blind spot of Satsuki; she couldn’t see his face.
A man with a medium build.
He was wearing a brand-new combat uniform, one that she had never seen.
Satsuki, Louise, the thunder dragon, and everyone on the martial arts stadium, observed the man, who drew all the attention to him, touching ground.
The skillfulness of his virtually soundless 【Godlike Movement】 with which he fell from that height. His Natural Stance.
The cloud of dust revolving on the ground was swept away by the wind and slowly cleared away.
The boy in the center of the veil said with a dreadfully serious expression.

– I’m sorry for being late.
Satsuki tried to shake her head and tried to answer, but she failed to do both due to numbness and shouted in her heart.
(Welcome home, Nii-sama!)
Yes, it was Moroha.
Moroha had come back!
Her beloved older brother stared at her, stared at Haruka who fell right next to her, stared at everyone on the roof of the martial arts stadium—looked at Satsuki one more time,
– You truly… did your best. You… did protect everyone.
He took all the circumstances into consideration and complimented her.
Even though the words 「You did your best」 were the same, did the way Louise and Moroha say them sound different?
This time, happy tears overflowed.
At the same time, she thought.
(And everyone protected me)
If the stopping by means of fire support hadn’t occurred, even if Moroha had finally come, he wouldn’t have made it in time.
I see, Satsuki noticed.
Not just the fire support. Moroha made it in time because all the people of Akane Academy held out with all they had and everyone did what they could do all day today.
And that realization wasn’t completely wrong.
If there was someone who had a divine standpoint, they could affirm so.
If Haruka and Isurugi hadn’t persevered, the freed Leonard would have joined the golems and Shizuno, Tokiko and the others would have been trampled down.
The opposite was also true, if Satsuki, Tokiko and the others would haven’t defeated the golems, the victims would have been many.
Even though Leshya was defeated by Zhixin, her immense patience and the time she gained delayed the destruction of the mystical barrier by Leprazan, which exposed the general students to the threat of seven golems.
Precisely because everyone in the martial arts stadium was alive, they were able to stop the thunder dragon even if a little.
The strenuous efforts of everyone were never something like going around in circles.
Had one of the pieces leading up to this situation been missing, everything would have come to nothing and many lives would have been lost.
Moroha calmly declared.
– I’ll take care of the rest.

Satsuki replied somehow.
(Yeah… Please…)
Without being able to move or say aloud, she spoke with her eyes. And prayed.
Moroha assented and turned around resolutely.
He confronted the purple lightning dragon and Louise*.
*TN: Louise is the furigana reading for silver bird.
– Why? Shouldn't you be in New York?
– ….
Moroha remained silent, he didn't reply.
If he had to reveal the trick, then it happened nearly one hour ago.
When returning by 「Transportal」 and returning by DELTA was impossible, he realized.
Arlene fearfully asked Moroha.
– It's not that there's no other way, but it's just a little──
– Please let me use it.
Moroha answered immediately without waiting for Arlene's words to get to the end.
They went to the underground hangar and she explained to him.
Arlene dearly patted a jet-black object.
To put it simply, it was an Artifact shaped like a missile.
It had the exact size to give one person a ride.
– There's DELTA, but when assistance wouldn't make it in time, I invented something that might be able to make it in time if sent flying first; a child with a prominent ability, but…. Since it has 「The missile was fired, but in the end, it just flew straight」 and 「It can only be launched once, it cannot be reused」designs, it seems it can go as fast as I want… so I was too enthusiastic. Now, when I completed it, it was too fast for anyone to endure the G-force.
– How fast is it?
– Mach 15.
A speed with which he would arrive in Japan in just under 30 minutes.
– Please. Let me use it.
– Are you really sure? Even the tough Lei lost consciousness due to intense pain, and if you go crazy, there'll be no choice but to seal you, do you get that? Even if you arrive, it'll be pointless if you're completely exhausted….
– I can only bet that it's less painful than the 9th Rank of Lighting Empress.
Moroha replied without hesitation and Arlene said, looking amazed.
– You're really all about incredibly worthless, first-hand experiences, did you know that?
Then, Moroha returned to Akane Academy and took a step forward.
He got closer to the lightning dragon which was over 10 meters tall.
He manifested Saratiga silently.

– Oh well. Nice to meet you, Moroha-kun. I heard that you tied with Akira-kun, but is it true? Akira-kun is kind, he couldn't show all his strength unexpectedly, so I thou—
In the middle of Louise's words, Moroha silently cut her down with his sword.
With that alone, the silver bird flying in the sky—and the concept of distance and all—were bisected silently.
Louise's warble disappeared.
The thunder dragon, that lost its owner, slammed its right hand against Moroha angrily.
No—just before he was struck, Moroha swung his sword silently again, released *prana* and pushed it aside with the pressure alone*.
*TN: In this case in particular, prana is the furigana reading for white light glitter.
Having its right hand struck back, the thunder dragon hardened as if it was surprised.
It retreated slowly as if shaking.
Because of that, Moroha got closer to it calmly.
The thunder dragon roared. Then, it discharged electricity from its whole body, and a hail of thunder arrows attacked Moroha.
Moroha didn't waver in the slightest.
He let it attack him as it wished.
He made *prana* and *mana* surge from his whole body, and the combat uniform reacted to them, increasing lightning resistance.
The seemingly newly acquired defense power was, in just one word, stunning, but as one would expect, he wasn't uninjured. His right shoulder and a part of his back were burned down, and his exposed skin turned black.
Satsuki would have probably died, but Moroha didn't make a single groan.
Anger outweighed pain. Undoubtedly.
The only thing that Satsuki could see was Moroha's back.
But she could tell what kind of face he had, as if it was reflected in her eyes.
It was too easy to tell when looking at Moroha's back, which looked bloodcurdling.
While being hit by dozens of barrages of lightning strikes, Moroha thrust his left index finger at the dragon in the quiet place as if they were in the middle of a storm.
He wrote.
Silently. Without chanting.
He scribbled 8 lines of complicated and mysterious magic characters.
The 8th Rank Dark Art fired 100 thunderbolts as spears.
That power of destruction resided in the sword that Moroha held up high.
Lightning flashed.
Thunderclaps roared.
The lightning filling the sword blade stretched straight and thoroughly.

Longer and higher, it pierced the heavens and went far through it.
A sword of divine power, as if bundling, sending and forging a hundred thunderclaps.
Its power was obvious to the eyes of Leonard who was two mountains far away.
– Ahhahahahahahahaaa! I'm blown away! And here I thought I was the originator. That's why he's famous, like I thought.
He closed his eyes partly and gazed at the godly thunder that shot at the heavens from the ground.
Later, the White Knight Organization would name it:
Ancestral Arts Yin Yang 「Nam Druk」.
Moroha brandished thunder with both arms.
Moroha stepped firmly on the ground with his right foot.
Moroha made heaven and earth know far and wide in a loud voice.
– I──I'll never let anyone steal from meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.
He swung the sword straight down.
And, that was it.
He cut it down with a single stroke.
Without **letting** the giant thunder dragon fight against him even the slightest amount, the moment the sword blade touched it, it was blown away.
And made it disappear.
Without leaving a trace.
Loud cheers reached Satsuki's ears from the martial arts stadium.
When she looked at the sky, three wild birds traversed Akane Academy while playing.
The numbness gradually disappeared, and her skin and back slowly felt the air in early spring and the warmth of the ground.
This time for sure, the battle was over.
Even if it wasn't over, Moroha was back.
Satsuki believed that no matter what the Six Wings prepared again, it would lead to nothing.
– Are you okay?
Moroha, who came back, kneeled beside her.
And lifted her upper body.
– *Im nhum, andh itt hurtz, Nii–zamah* (I'm numb, and it hurts, Nii-sama).
– My bad, my bad. Do I lay you down?
This is fine, Satsuki complained with her eyes.
She stared at the gentle and warm smile of Moroha.
Moroha also stared back at her.
(T-this is…. Is this what they call a kissing mood!?)
The pulse of Satsuki accelerated suddenly.
They did that in their previous life, but not in this world. She fixedly stared at Moroha's face so as to never miss this memorable moment.
Then, Moroha's face came down towards her.

His lips drew near.
– Hey, when did you come back?
And Haruka leaned on Moroha’s back. Due to that momentum, she fell just a little, but….
(At what point did Momo-senpai wake up!?)
Satsuki was indignant, the nice atmosphere was spoiled.
But it was bound to happen sooner or later.
Cheers approached from the martial arts stadium.
The students who jumped off the roof rushed and panted to meet Moroha.
Shizuno was unable to stand up on the roof. She would make fun of him later.
He was surrounded by everyone who came running.
His classmates were the first to clung to him.
Satsuki, Moroha and Haruka were mobbed.
Because she was numb, it didn’t hurt to be touched, but still.
Satsuki thought of it as happy pain.

The dissonance of the pipe organ echoed in Tír na nÓg.
Louise, whose favorite dolls were destroyed, was angry, and recklessly hit the keyboard.
An extremely unpleasant noise.
It wasn’t like that was the case, but—
At the right end of the hall, the “medium”, who had been sleeping on the balcony seat, moved slightly.
And opened her eyes thinly.
– That brilliance of a soul just now… was it from Akane Academy…?
As if sleep-talking, she let out a monologue that no one heard.
– No… it can’t be…. But… as much as I search… if that is the case….
Her heavy eyelids fell again.
All that remained was the hustle and bustle.
A solo performance titled 「Venting my anger」 by Louise who knew nothing.

The whole school gathered in the school yard.
All the students from the three classes that went to the mountain battle simulation had returned.
Making a roll-call, it was a blessing in disguise that the survival of all members could be confirmed.
Because of this, everyone's facial expressions were bright.
The number of severely injured people was high, and even though the *Kuromas* were running around to treat them, the atmosphere wasn't stiff.
The first school building and the auditorium collapsed, and the second school building was partially destroyed. Deep cracks similar to precipices were carved into the ground by Moroha's Yin Yang, extending straight from the schoolyard to the northern end of the hill.
Even in such a disastrous scene that resembled a burnt area, no one was discouraged.
Everyone looked upward, with a face as if taking a veneer off something.
In such an atmosphere, Moroha got to hear a shocking report.
The kidnapping of the Principal Mari by Shiba Akira.
He couldn't help but grind his teeth.
All the few who heard that thing from Maya darkened their faces.
– I… I have to become stronger.
Isurugi grasped his fists tightly.
– All of us too, don't you think?
Taketsuru patted him on his shoulder.
– … However, we already graduated.
Tokiko folded her arms with a sour expression.
Silence flowed.
Each person tormented themselves, making their own facial expression.
– We're here!
Satsuki put her hand on her chest and said.
– We'll rebuild the school!
– Yeah. We'll bring it back.
And Haruka agreed with her.
Moroha also nodded silently.

Of course, what Satsuki was talking about was on a spiritual aspect.
– I suppose the money will be managed by my older brother*?
*TN: Older brother is the furigana reading for board chairman.
Shizuno made a joke, but no one slipped out a chuckle.
– Well, there’re still 10 days before our graduation. We can’t just say bye-bye and leave things as they are to these guys. Don’t you think the same, Isurugi?
– Of course, I think the same. … Besides, I just thought of something.
Isurugi wore a stern look and looked back at the school building, which had become a burnt field.
Moroha and all members followed him.
The school building where Moroha spent the past year was no longer there.
It was completely torn down by the Six Wings.
The place full of long and short memories was burned down to the ground.
Everyone looked at its tragic remains.
Each one hid their own feelings in their hearts.

Epilogue

– Sorry for the intrusion.
– Sorry for the intrusion nanodesu.
Moroha and Maya cheerfully greeted and entered the kitchen.
They were in the residence of the board chairman and his wife, where Shizuno lived too.
It was spacious and calmed enough for 10 people to cook all at once.
The windows were large, and a lot of sunlight past noon shined in, making the kitchen sparkle glitteringly.
There was a long kitchen table nearby, and Shizuno, of course, and Satsuki and Leshya who came first, were having a pleasant chat with the housekeepers.
– Please feel at home.
The steward Tatemura-san, who guided them to this place, bowed and went away.
Moroha bowed and sat down at the edge of the table. He bowed his head again to the housekeepers for interrupting their work.
They had arranged to borrow this kitchen today and eat Satsuki’s home cooking.
Originally, it was such a rudeness to the guests that the board chairman gave them the devil eye, but since he went to the Japanese Division Headquarters, they did it while the demon wasn’t at home.
The school was temporarily closed. Because it was attacked by the Six Wings yesterday, they were currently deliberating what to do with the lessons now that they wouldn’t have school buildings for a while.
– Satsuki and Leshya are still wounded. Are you really okay?
– Of course! It wasn’t a big deal for me from the start. Since Nii-sama is healing me, I’ll be completely recovered if I sleep well all night.
– Only bare hands hit me. I went to undergo examination in the morning just in case, but there were no abnormalities. All thanks to Moroha’s 『Healing』.
– More importantly, is Maaya okay?
The straight and worried gaze of Satsuki and Leshya and the casual and worried gaze of Shizuno gathered on her.
Her relative had just been kidnapped yesterday.
While she didn’t have any physical injuries, it was natural to be concerned about her, to see if she was in emotional shock.
– Maaya is fine nanodesu (Happy face).

The angel-chan answered cheerfully and with a big smile.
– I-if you say so… but is it true? You're not pushing yourself, are you?
– I'm not nanodesu. Maaya knows well the two people who kidnapped Mari-onee-chan desu. Especially Nelly-onee-san, she's a kind person nanodesu. She told me that she would take responsibility and look after her desu. That's why while there are some circumstances, Maaya believes in her desu!
– I see…. The fact that Maya-san says this is because there are things that other people can't see, right?
– Y-yeah. … I got it.
Admonished by Shizuno from the side, Satsuki withdrew inarticulately.
– More importantly, Maaya is hungry nanodesu.
– Me too. We did as we were told and skipped breakfast.
Maya and Moroha made their bellies sound happily, to the point of saying "let's have lunch!".
– Fohfohfo, today's meal is the best□-
Satsuki, who displayed her ability, was proud.
Moroha, who had been to America for more than 10 days, was in an "I can't take it anymore" state because he missed Japanese food, for now, at least.
Turning eyes of expectations, wondering what she was going to make him eat, he suddenly noticed.
Satsuki, Shizuno, Leshya and the housekeepers, all of them hid something in their hands.
They also noticed Moroha's gaze,
– We're heating these up!
Ta-dah! Satsuki unveiled.
What an egg.
– A long time ago, an epicure named Kitaooji Rosanjin said that if you warm an egg with your palms for 30 minutes and make raw egg mixed with white rice, it would be the most delicious thing in the world desu!
– Ah, hey, Maaya! I was going to say that though.
Being spoiled by Maya, the child expert, Satsuki inflated her cheeks.
Leshya retorted childishly, Shizuno shrugged her shoulders and the housekeepers wore a bitter smile.
On the other hand, Moroha heard that for the first time, he didn't know what kind of effect it had by warming it with one's palms, but he was already fascinated by the words □raw egg mixed with white rice□. Saliva gushed forth in his mouth.
In America, it was difficult to obtain fresh food, and when it came to egg dishes, they were served after being cooked rigorously.
Thanks to that, Moroha's DNA wanted raw eggs at abstinence levels!
The housekeepers collected the warm eggs in an empty basket on the table and then set the table.
A simple menu of rice, miso soup, baked seaweed and pickled vegetables.
THIS was Japanese food.

The housekeepers only bought the pickled vegetables, but Satsuki did everything else: she cooked the rice, prepared the miso soup and baked the seaweed.
– Now, Nii-sama. Eat my warm egg ♥.
– Why don’t you eat this egg that I carefully warmed up instead of that bargain goods whose commercial value has degraded?
– What bargain goods are you talking about, Urushibara!? This is, so to speak, an angel’s egg, in which my love is poured through my palms!
– Your honor. The defendant has verbally slipped that the egg is contaminated.
– Hey! I’m not going to waste any.
Moroha scolded Shizuno who showed a small dimple on her face with a *tsk!*
Shizuno whispered without changing her expression,
– Actually… my egg has a wonderful added value that Satsuki’s egg doesn’t have.
– … What do you mean?
– It’s an egg warmed in my cleavage.
– Are you stuuuuuuuupid!?
Satsuki left her seat with all her might and retorted.
She thought she was great for getting carried away and not crushing the egg with her hands.
– It’s becoming lukewarm, so please wait a moment, Moroha.
– Don’t be immediately influenced by her, Leshya!
Satsuki looked daggers at Leshya who looked a little happy and retorted.
– Ara? Just because Satsuki says she can’t imitate me, it doesn’t mean that you have to be jealous. Hey, hey you.
– Hey, hey you.
– If you don’t stop, I’ll kill you!
Satsuki stamped her feet in anger at Shizuno and Leshya who imitated Shizuno and jeered at her monotonously.
– No, all three of you, stop it already. I can accept all three.
At this rate, the rice would get cold, and that would be a waste.
– … Fine, but mine first.
– Ara? I should be the first though?
– Me first.
– You really don’t get along, huh.
Moroha was at wit’s end, and Maya, who was next to him, mediated.
– This will decide it fairly and randomly desu. With no hard feelings nanodesu.
– … That will work too, but how do we do it? Rock-paper-scissors?
– Leave it to Maaya desu.
When Maya received the eggs from them, she turned around, hid them from everyone, then arranged them on the table.
– In this way, what Moroha choses will be what he eats first nanodesu.
– I see, this is a fair—hold on!!

– By doing this, we won’t even know whose egg was chosen. It doesn’t make sense.
– Uwaa, you’re right nanodesuu. The child Maaya didn’t notice it desuu.
– … Touché?
– I don’t understand what Shizuno-onee-san is saying desuu. Adult conversations are difficult desuu.
The angel-chan scattered an innocent smile around her.
Satsuki and company sighed and finally behaved.
Moroha got them at last.
Moroha received the eggs warmed by Satsuki, Shizuno and Leshya. There were many other eggs that the housekeepers had warmed up, so they distributed them to Satsuki, Maya and the others.
□□□Thank you for the meal□□□
Moroha, Satsuki and Maya placed their hands together.
Seeing that, Leshya did the same and Shizuno hesitated a little then meditated.
Moroha broke the egg into the small plate.
Its yellowness rose thickly, he could tell its freshness just by looking at it.
He drooled. Just as you’d expect from a Japanese egg. *Viva* Japan.
Putting feelings of gratitude into the rising yellowness, he stabbed the chopsticks into it and stirred it briefly.
He dribbled the soy sauce and finally added the rice. And mixed them and mixed them more.
It didn’t have a strong smell, it had a really fleeting smell, but why the smell of a mixture of piping hot white rice and soy sauce stirred up his appetite so much!?
It shook the hearts of the Japanese!
Since everyone was a girl, they stirred it courteously, but Moroha couldn’t endure it anymore and sliced it in appropriate sizes, then bolted down the rice.
The strong flavor and taste of the egg spread to the tongue first.
It was so good because it was tightened and prepared with the crispy flavor of the soy sauce.
It was certainly delicious. It was seriously delicious.
And he tasted the texture. The matching of the texture of the piping hot rice cooked firmly among the smooth and interesting texture of the egg. The strangeness of the contrast. It didn’t make this simple dish something to get tired of.
– Yeah, it’s so good!
Moroha couldn’t help but resort to words.
Was it because it was fresh? Was it because it was warmed in someone’s palms? Was it because it was the Japanese food that he loved so much? No, he was sure it was all that, but it was the first time in his life that the raw egg mixed with white rice felt so tasty.

The miso soup and the dashi weren't too weak or too strong, they had a good taste, they didn't ruin the delicate taste of the raw egg mixed with white rice. Rather, they harmonized it. Because she didn't make a poor dashi, Satsuki's consideration was moved to tears.
Moroha ended up eating it up in the blink of an eye.
When a housekeeper served another helping in the rice bowl and when he was about to start the second bowlful right away,
– There's this instead of soy sauce, it's delicious too.
Satsuki offered him a small bottle.
There was something that looked like soy sauce in it.
She had heard that fish simmered with soy sauce was served on the menu last night in the women's dormitory. This is what she got from that broth.
Moroha imagined in his head. The broth of more than 100 fish shimmered to cover more than 100 girls. An extract that condensed the umami of more than 100 fish.
Without bearing it, he dribbled that instead of the soy sauce and bolted it down with the egg and rice.
The more he rounded his eyes, the more delicious it was.
He didn't know that the flavor of the egg and soy sauce matched the flavor of the seafood and the melted fat so much.
If he threw a savory baked seaweed down there, how many instrumental ensembles of taste and umami would there be?
– The third bowlful comprised of chili oil and green onions is delicious too, you know?
– Well, I'll replace it with this.
Without stop moving the chopsticks, Moroha answered, having his mind somewhere else.
Was the desperate look in his eyes that interesting? Satsuki spouted out, and Maya and Leshya wore a smile. Shizuno pointed out that there were still eggs warmed by the housekeepers, and everyone laughed more and more.
After the meal, they moved to Shizuno's room.
Satsuki, Shizuno, Leshya, Maya and Moroha sat down on the carpet, surrounding the low table.
They drank roasted green tea in the pure Western-style room.
– Your house even has yunomi tea cups?
– One of my older brother's guests is a fan of crunchy Japanese food*.
*TN: I have no idea if they have a relation (yunomi and crunchy food) but the kana employed indicated crunchy (fried) food.
As they talked about various topics, everyone sipped tea in a relaxed manner.
It was peace itself.
It didn't appear like there was such a fight yesterday.
(Besides…)

Moroha was surrounded by Satsuki and the others, he looked at everyone's faces, and finally he strongly had the real feeling that he had returned to Japan.
– It would have been great if Momo-senpai had come too.
Satsuki took a teacup and said nonchalantly.
Moroha and Maya became awkward and looked away, and Shizuno cleared her throat and rebuked her.
Satsuki and Leshya had a question mark floating above their heads.
After the Six Wings left, a seriously injured person who waited for Haruka, who was tired of fighting, resulted to be her close friend.
Maybe she was still nursing her even now, so that was why she couldn't come.
– Read the mood.
Rebuked by Shizuno again, Satsuki ducked her head as if she had finally realized.
The tea rapidly became lukewarm──that kind of mood flowed.
– Listen….
Since the mood changed anyway, Satsuki began to talk, her head still ducked.
As she turned a look of hesitation to Maya,
– The real objective of the Six Wings was the school principal, right?
Everyone in the dorm rumored so.
– They saw that, so it's a valid rumor.
Leshya answered immediately.
The crushing of Akane Academy and the rampage of Leonard and Louise were just a diversion.
The majority of the people belonging to the men's dorm thought so.
In fact, if that was the case, then it could be justified that Shiba and Zhixin withdrew so quickly.
If their primary objective was to really crush Akane Academy, then both of them should have rampaged. They couldn't imagine how many hundreds of people would have been killed.
– But I feel like they had another objective….
– Like what?
– I don't know. I can't think of it now. But….
On the contrary, as a diversion to kidnap the school principal, it seemed to be too big, even now.
It also worried him that in spite of having a specialist in kidnapping called "Invisible" among their ranks, he didn't turn up.
– There's no use in thinking too much about it desu (Happy face).
Maya wore an angelic smile while holding the teacup seemingly depressed.
Negative ions filled the room in an instant.
Satsuki and Leshya made faces like they were alleviated.
– Yeah. You're right.
Moroha patted Maya's head.

As everyone did so for a while, Shizuno got up as if suddenly setting her mind on something.
What's wrong? Moroha and the rest noticed.
Shizuno silently got on top of the bed in the corner of the room, thrust her hand into a small gap that seemed to be on the wall, and began to feel around it.
– … What are you doing?
– I remembered I lost something here.
Shizuno said as she continued feeling around the gap.
Her butt, which was turned towards him and had a nice volume and a good shape, and shook with that movement, tempted him.
– Do you have to find it right now?
– I have to. Once you're concerned about something, it's unpleasant to leave it as is, right?
– It's not like I don't get you, but.…
– I can't reach the bottom with my hands.
– Should I do so?
– Can you do it, please?
He felt shy about getting on top of a girl's bed, but he couldn't overlook her who was troubled.
As told by Shizuno, he lay down on the mattress, and thrust his hand into the back of the gap.
– I caught you successfully, didn't I?
Shizuno immediately held Moroha's left hand.
They were in a "sleeping together" posture.
– Let go of me before your older brother turns into a demon, Shizuno-*san*.
Moroha looked at her with reproachful eyes.
– So, Satsuki? What are you going to do?
– We're talking about Onii-sama, so I'll do this.
Satsuki immediately lay down as if clinging to Moroha's waist.
The three of them were in a "sleeping together" posture.
– You two… planned this.…
Certainly, a premeditated crime.
Since he was lying on his back, it was difficult to put strength into it, so he couldn't shake free from them.
No, he could do it by using his whole body to gain momentum, but he didn't want to be reckless.
– I want Moroha to hug my right arm, so can Moroha forgive me?
It seemed that even Leshya was an accomplice, she said so while being bashful.
Moroha resigned and held out his right hand which was thrust into the gap.
The four of them were in a "sleeping together" posture.
– Amaazing, amaaazing, just like a harem nanodesuu.
– Hey. Don't take pictures.
Moroha said sharply to Maya.

Moroha would die on the day when a photo titled 「What are these guys doing?」 was spread.
He would socially die.
– … So? How long will you do this until you're satisfied?
Having the soft sensation of the bodies of the girls pushed against him from the right, left and back, Moroha asked while enduring it on tenterhooks.
– Let me hear all that happened in New York.
– That's incredibly long, you know!?
– Please, in minute detail, Nii-sama! We were looking forward to it!
– I am warning you, it will be better not to lie. Otherwise, Moroha will see his lifespan shortened.
– … I have the right to remain silent?
– Ara? What event happened in New York that the right to remain silent is required?
– None.
– Then please be honest, okay?
– We won't let you go until we agree to it!
– Like she said.
Moroha resigned and started the tale of his travel.
Everyone, Maya included, listened to him happily.
──And.
That happened during the day.
Moroha, who returned to the dorm, prepared to go to bed with Maya.
The room where he woke up every day.
The usual view.
What was different was the pointy hat of Mari, which was hanging up on the hook beside the closet.
Moroha sat on the bed and stared at it without making the slight movement.
The look in his eyes was so dispirited that he could tell without having a mirror.
The atmosphere in the room was naturally lonely too.
That,
– I feel refreshed desuu.
It was wiped out by the smiling face of Maya who came back from the shower.
Moroha also softened the expression of his eyes and changed his focus to the girl.
To talk to her as gentle as possible.
– You were very brave today, Maaya.
– What are you talking about desu (Happy face).
Maya didn't put an end to her smile.
Moroha was about to be overwhelmed by her charm.
He managed to endure it and stood up.
– You don't have to bear with it in front of me.
And hugged Maya close.

This girl was really admirable.
Her dear Onee-chan was kidnapped, and yet, it was impossible for her not be shocked.
She smiled unnaturally all day long so as to not bother Satsuki and the others.
– You can cry already.
Moroha patted her tiny back.
Maya hesitated for a moment, but,
– … It's not like. … There's a reason. …. For crying. … Or anything desu.
She clung to him nervously.
She buried her face in Moroha's abdomen.
And didn't move, she stayed like that.
Moroha kept patting her tiny back.
As he felt his jacket getting gradually wet around Maya's face.
*– … *Sniff*…… *Sob*…… *Hic*…… *Sniff* *Sniff*……*
Maya subdued her voice and sobbed.
A crying voice so thin that nobody could hear it without straining their ears.
She tried to endure what couldn't be endured.
To not make even Moroha worry.
Earnestly. Desperately.
How touching was this young and sweet girl?
Moroha couldn't endure the hot things in the inner corner of his eyes.
He raised his face and stared at Mari's hat.
(The fact that they intentionally took her back home means that the school principal is important for them. It's proof that they're not going to kill her)
That, without a doubt, was a sliver of hope.
– I'm sure we'll bring her back.
– … I don't. **Sob**. … Want. … Moroha. To be. … Reckless desu.
Maya shook her face as if to say she was against it, her face still buried.
– I'll definitely bring her back.
Moroha hugged her more strongly.
Eventually, strength left Maya's body and she stopped shaking her head.
Instead of that,
– Please… nanodesu… Uuuuaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa—
She wept as if a dam had collapsed.
Moroha gently held Maya and carried her to the bed.
He held the girl who continued crying all night.
This was the only thing he could do now, while chewing his frustration.
The Russian Division of the White Knight Organization was currently undergoing a reorganization by the Deputy Division Head Katya.
One of them was the establishment of the main office.
Under the dictatorship of Lightning Empress, the headquarters wasn't established due to her policy of "being afraid of assassination". However, with the normalization of the organization, Katya once again shouted it was indispensable, reaching the stage of opening.

The place was Yekaterinburg, the capital of Sverdlovsk Oblast.
The branch office building that Katya directed was made to transition to main office as it was.
Katya, who also did politics inside the division, had it easier in her territory, and above all, Yekaterinburg was located in central Russia, so both east and west could be glared at the appearance of 【Metaphysicals】.
On the top floor of the building, the completely obedient Lightning Empress was carried on a portable shrine, and below that, Katya proceeded with the reorganization. Yuri was released from the role of Novosibirsk branch office head, and was now stationed as the Imperial Guards officer at the main office.
With the cooperation of her surroundings, the environment was put in order, and Katya finally got a stage where she could demonstrate her bureaucratic sharpness; it could be said that the future of the Russian Division was bright.
Everyone could tell that.
Until this time today.
The lobby on the first floor of the main office building.
According to Kaya's taste, many furnishings reminiscent of the imperial Russian era were arranged in the modern metallic interior that was typical of buildings, creating a lively atmosphere that almost touched bad taste.
The entrance was wide and brightly laid out to make visitors feel relaxed.
Something strange occurred in the place where Katya's personality changed.
Suddenly, a pale magic circle emerged on the entrance floor.
All of the staff who happened to meet with it by chance stopped walking and gazed at something.
Half of them were 【Saviors】 who, despite being nervous, didn't panic.
But that was until the next moment.
Suddenly, a huge shadow appeared from inside the magic circle.
A monster with a round-like body with twelve insect-like legs and eight long noses similar to that of elephants.
Namely, a 【Metaphysical】 suddenly appeared in the building.
What kind of joke was that?
Or was it a nightmare?
They hadn't received even a single omen from the "Watcher" of the Japanese Division.
The staff members who weren't 【Saviors】 were frantic, and those who were, were prepared to flee.
Their reaction completely fell behind, they couldn't think of drawing their weapons or reporting to their superiors at once.
Moreover. The situation got even worse in the turmoil of screams and angry roars flying about.
Following the 【Metaphysical】, two shadows appeared from the magic circle.

This time, both were people.
One was a young man wearing a cowboy hat and two swords hanging at his hips.
The other one was an Asian man who wore a doufuku and had thin eyes like a thread.
– Haa□, this thing is so convenient, boss.
– Is that so? I do not mind being thrown right into the middle of the enemy camp.
The young man looked impressed, and the Asian man exchanged meaningless words in a playful manner.
Then the slaughter began.

Credits

Translation Group : Taekan translation

EPUB is done by JLN

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